"GOLDENEYE"

by

Michael France

1-94
FIRST DRAFT

THE GUNBARREL OPENS ON --

EXT. THE FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Amongst the mixture of lush vineyards and rolling mountains -- a sleek, streamlined train **bullets** past at over two hundred miles an hour. As soon as we take this in, however, the wheels **retract** like the landing gear of an airplane -- the train is now virtually flying, bound to the track only by an inch-high magnetic field. As its speed increases, we hear --

STATION AGENT (V.O.)
Control to Hamilton -- both Paris and Bordeaux stations reported secure -- what is your status? -- over --

INSIDE THE ENGINE CAR OF THE TRAIN

A digital speedometer near the ENGINEER confirms the train is moving at two hundred and fifty miles per hour and climbing -- next to him is a British agent named HAMILTON speaking into a headset radio. As he speaks, an unctuous SOMMELLIER brings a cart into the engine car -- and hands him a cup of tea.

HAMILTON
All secure at the engine car -- the only danger here is this bloody awful tea. Seems that we've turned out for a false alarm -- over --
(we can't hear reply)
-- no -- he got the glamour end of the assignment, as usual.

With that, we move to --

THE REAR OBSERVATION CAR ON THE TRAIN

which is lavishly furnished -- the people who built this train designed it for comfort as well as speed. Windows everywhere show the breathtaking view of the countryside at this speed. What's notable here is, despite the speed, there is zero vibration from the travel -- these people might as well be in a room that's sitting still. A proud, pompous French FINANCIER finishes emptying a bottle of champagne into a pyramid of crystal glasses, to applause from the three dozen elegantly dressed people on board. As waiters pass out glasses --

FINANCIER
It does not feel like three hundred miles an hour, n'est pas?
(crowd LAUGHS)
Now the wheels have retracted, and the MLV-9 is in flight -- the magnetic levitation system will spare us, and our cars, the interminable drive from Paris to Bordeaux. We reach Bordeaux in one hour --
(checks watch, smiles)
-- just in time for the wine auction.
(MORE)

FINANCIER (cont'd)
(crowd LAUGHS)
So, a toast --
(raises glass)
To the maiden voyage of the MLV-9 -- to you whose backing made it possible -- and to many more swift, smooth rides.

The wealthy crowd responds by applauding and raising their glasses, as we MOVE to the fringe of the crowd -- a hand takes a glass of champagne from a tray -- the hand belongs to a man apart from the laughter and gaiety -- the man is --

JAMES BOND

who stands alone by a window, the world whistling past him. But he is not here to celebrate the unveiling of a new train. Carefully, he watches the crowd -- if trouble comes, who will it come from? Bond's eye catches --

BOND'S POV - THE SOMMELLIER

who we saw a moment ago in the engine compartment -- now he's opened a fresh bottle of champagne for the financier. The sommellier pours the financier a fresh glass first -- even though there are several women nearby with empty glasses --

BOND'S FACE

reveals he has noticed this -- but Bond's observation is broken by a voice -- the perfect English is lightly honeyed with a Russian accent --

MARINA (O.S.)
You look concerned about the speed.

Bond turns to face --

MARINA VAROSKAYA

And the promise of the voice is fulfilled. The first glance reveals the hard Slavic lines of her face, framed by auburn hair -- and the soft, sloping curves of her body, enveloped in a black hourglass dress.

Bond warms to her immediately. This is a woman whose secrets he'd like to discover.

MARINA
You shouldn't worry. Every function on this train is computer controlled. There is no safer way to travel.

BOND
(amused)
I'm glad <u>you're</u> sure of that.

MARINA
(not to boast -- just a statement of fact)
Entirely. I worked on the train's design.
(doesn't recgonize him)
You are one of the investors? Mister -- ?

BOND
Bond. James Bond. No, I just appreciate a smooth ride --

Bond looks away for a moment --

BOND'S POV - THE SOMMELLIER

leaves the front of the car, pulling the bottle cart with him.

BOND

would prefer not to, but he breaks away from Marina --

BOND
Excuse me --

Bond follows the sommellier into the next car -- meanwhile --

HIGH ABOVE THE TRAIN - A **HELICOPTER**

roars out from behind one of the mountains -- and begins to track over the train -- and --

IN THE FRONT ENGINE ROOM OF THE TRAIN

The engineer -- and Hamilton -- lie **dead** on the floor of the car. Worse, as the speedometer digitally tracks up -- 301 MPH -- 304 MPH -- 308 MPH -- a **packet of plastique** attached to the controls has a **timer** ticking down -- **04:00** -- **03:59** --

IN THE PASSENGER CAR - THE SOMMELLIER

drags his cart through a lavishly designed, but empty, passenger car -- the party is back in the observation car -- as the sommellier moves through the next door, Bond follows to --

THE AUTO FERRY CAR

which is stacked with the sort of automobiles one would associate with the crowd in the rear car -- BMWs, Mercedes, Jaguars and so on are stacked on two-tiered decks that are on the right and left side of the car, with an aisle in the middle.

The sommellier moves ahead -- still pulling the cart -- but a VOICE calls out behind him, saying something in rapid FRENCH -- the sommellier turns to see --

BOND

who is smiling, non-confrontational, standing halfway back in the car. He repeats himself -- but it's clear the sommellier doesn't understand what Bond said.

Blankly, he nods and smiles, as if Bond said something terribly witty -- and he turns to move on.

Bond's face darkens as he takes a **Walther P-88** -- a 9MM, fifteen shot cousin of the PPK -- out of his jacket --

BOND
What I said, monsieur, was that a genuine sommellier would have served champagne for the ladies first -- not for the host --

With that, the sommellier KICKS the cart back at Bond, pulling his huge twin-function gun out of it first -- it's a machine gun on top, a shell-firing shotgun underneath --

-- Bond FIRES at the sommellier, but has to duck out of the way of the hurtling cart -- he dives away onto the hood of one of the cars, rolling behind it as the sommellier FIRES a shell straight down the middle -- the door to the passenger section is SHREDDED with the impact of the **explosive shell** --

-- Bond rolls on the hood of a Lamborghini and behind it, moving back between the car and the train's side, and behind another car -- just in time, too -- a second SHELL pierces and **DETONATES** the Lamborghini's gas tank, the flames shooting out where Bond was a second ago and BLASTING out a window --

IN THE REAR OBSERVATION CAR - THE CROWD

is panicking -- at the sound of the shots and EXPLOSIONS, and the resulting shaking of the observation car, champagne flies and the crowd SCREAMS, diving for cover --

-- except for Marina -- instead of diving down, she runs into the next passenger car, **toward** the turmoil --

IN THE AUTO FERRY CAR - BOND

crouches behind the lower row of cars -- he can't go forward, because two cars are blazing -- the sommellier FIRES an explosive shell, and Bond dives back again as a Ferrari **EXPLODES** in a $400,000 **fireball** right behind him --

-- now Bond is cornered between the rear of the compartment, and the last car on this row -- if the sommellier blows this car, Bond goes with it --

IN THE PASSENGER CAR - MARINA

is thrown off her feet by the blast -- she's scared, but she moves with determination to the front, where this car joins with the ferry car -- there she opens a panel that contains an electronic control terminal with the train's emergency safety features. She keys in an "emergency stop" -- but the system won't -- she frantically keys something else -- meanwhile --

IN THE AUTO FERRY CAR - THE SOMMELLIER

knows he has Bond pinned -- he FIRES the machine gun at the car that's between him and Bond -- the car's front and rear catch fire -- when the flames join, the car will explode --

CLOSE ON BOND

who opts to leave -- he knocks out the glass of the train window with the Walther and **climbs out** --

ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE TRAIN - BOND REACHES

for the upper part of the window and **pulls himself out, the DEAFENING wind tearing at him** as he does -- at three hundred miles an hour, this is like hanging onto the outside of a jet -- Bond grips the quarter inch of trim and swings to the rear of the car an instant before --

-- the explosion of the nearest car blasts past Bond --

IN THE AUTO FERRY CAR - THE FLAMING CAR

spreads the fire to the upper deck's line of cars --

-- the sommellier, knocked by the concussion, loses his gun -- recovering, he runs to the front of the train -- just as --

IN THE PASSENGER CAR - MARINA

terrified at the sound of the nearby BLAST, desperately keys something else into this terminal -- and this one works --

THE PASSENGER CAR'S COUPLING LATCHES

disengage from the rest of the hurtling train -- the steel wheels drop down, grinding and SPARKING, and the disconnected cars safely slow down -- the passengers now are safe --

ON THE END OF THE TRAIN - BOND

fights the wind that threatens to peel him off the train's side, but he allows himself a split second to look back at Marina, intrigued -- who is this brave, beautiful woman who's falling behind him? --

AT THE DOOR OF THE SLOWING PASSENGER CAR - MARINA

stares at Bond too -- but she's far more doubtful of this cold bastard hanging on the side of a burning train --

ON TOP OF THE TRAIN - BOND CLIMBS UP

-- and crouching low, starts to run up toward the front of the train -- but as he does, another of the autos, this one on the upper deck, **EXPLODES**, TEARING through the roof --

-- the force of it throws Bond ahead -- he lands badly, SKIDDING half off the train -- Bond desperately grips the smooth siding of the train -- the design looks sleek, but just try getting a handhold on it --

LONG VIEW OF TRAIN

As it heads into a tunnel carved into the mountains, the rear end on fire and pouring smoke -- the helicopter moves down to track closer with the train --

INSIDE HELICOPTER - COCKPIT POV

as it stays behind the train, matching its speed and following it **into the tunnel** -- the PILOT is busy with the controls, as a GUNNER readies a winch to pick up the faux sommellier --

CLOSE ON BOND

as he stabilizes and pulls himself firmly onto the roof -- he stands and pulls out the Walther -- but a chain lashes at his hand, knocking the gun away -- he spins to face --

-- the sommellier, who is wearing a harness so the helicopter can pick him up -- and wielding a heavy length of chain -- he swings it at Bond again --

INSIDE HELICOPTER - COCKPIT POV

There's sufficient room in this tunnel for the copter to hover over the train -- the co-pilot takes out a machine gun and prepares to shoot Bond -- but the sommellier blocks a clear shot --

ON TOP OF TRAIN - BOND AND SOMMELLIER

The sommellier slashes at Bond with the chain again and again, forcing Bond toward the front of the train -- now they're on the engine car, and there's nowhere left for Bond to duck back to --

IN THE AUTO FERRY CAR

Another car catches fire and the gas tank EXPLODES --

ON TOP OF THE ENGINE CAR - BOND AND SOMMELLIER

The force of it shakes the train enough that the sommellier's footing is uncertain -- Bond takes the split second to lunge forward -- and both Bond and the sommellier fall and roll **toward the front of the engine and down the sloping nose** --

FRONT VIEW - **NOSE OF TRAIN AS BOND AND SOMMELLIER FALL**

Bond stops himself, grabbing a crevice under the train's windshield -- only his fingertips are holding him -- the sommellier gets a better grip on the car's trim over Bond -- he prepares to knock Bond off with the chain --

-- but Bond grabs the wine opener from the sommellier's vest and SLASHES his chain arm in mid-swing, **knocking the loose end of the chain under the train** --

-- the chain whips under the train **and catches, dragging the sommellier down head first underneath the train** --

BOND

hangs on, wincing as the sommellier's SCREAM is cut short and segues to the sickening **SOUND of a body being LIQUIFIED through the inch high gap between train and track** --

FRONT VIEW OF BOND ON HURTLING TRAIN

Bond reaches up for a two-handed grip on the crevice, and kicks at the train's huge windshield -- the force of each kick threatening to knock him off the train -- we can see, but Bond can't, that --

THE HELICOPTER IS MOVING OVER THE TOP OF THE TRAIN

and sweeping toward the front --

-- Bond kicks the windshield again -- finally, it SHATTERS and Bond climbs in -- just in time to get out of the path of --

-- **the helicopter** -- its skids mow inches from where Bond was as he dives into the engine car, tumbling behind the controls --

INSIDE THE ENGINE CAR - BOND

lands amidst the bodies of Hamilton and the engineer -- and he sees **the timer on the bomb** ticking -- **00:40** -- **00:39** --

-- Bond reaches for the bomb to defuse it -- but the engine compartment is **riddled with machine gun fire** --

THE HELICOPTER

is flying ahead of the train -- the gunner is FIRING back into the engine compartment --

INSIDE THE ENGINE CAR - BOND

has to choose between death now, and thirty seconds from now -- he gets into a crouch and runs back into --

THE ADJACENT CAR

-- as the FUSILLADE still chases him back, bullets penetrating everywhere through the thin walls of the car --

IN THE HELICOPTER - THE PILOT AND CO-PILOT

seem pleased -- the helicopter pulls up far enough ahead of the train to be beyond the bomb's effects when it goes off --

CLOSE ON TIMER OF BOMB

-- 00:27 -- 00:26 --

CLOSE ON BOND

whose face betrays his hopelessness -- but he's hit by a sudden inspiration -- with new determination he runs back to --

THE AUTO FERRY CAR

-- the roof is shredded by the explosions, the interior is shrouded in black smoke. But the left half of the deck is untouched by fire -- Bond looks to the upper row of cars --

IN THE HELICOPTER - THE PILOT AND CO-PILOT

seem to merely be waiting for the explosion --

CLOSE ON BOND'S HAND

which is turning an ignition key -- the steering wheel bears the silver winged **Aston Martin** insignia --

IN THE HELICOPTER - THE CO-PILOT

looks back -- his eyes widen and his jaw drops --

FRONT VIEW OF TRAIN'S ROOF - **BOND'S ASTON MARTIN DB7**

drives **out of a tear in the roof that acts as a ramp, on top of the train's roof, RACING toward the nose of the train** --

IN THE HELICOPTER - THE CO-PILOT

comes to his senses and aims the machine gun, firing back at the car -- but --

BOND DRIVES THE CAR DOWN THE NOSE OF THE TRAIN

and onto the track, driving under the line of strafing fire and accelerating enough to stay ahead of the train -- he speeds up and drives **underneath** the copter -- the car's roof CLANGS against the copter's skids, knocking the copter up and out of control --

-- the helicopter SLAMS back, **colliding with the train and flipping** -- the copter doesn't explode, it just tangles with the train's torn engine compartment, the skids and blade **DRAGGING against the track in a geyser of SPARKS** that slow the train slightly -- just enough to give a ten foot margin to

BOND

who **floors the accelerator** to get out of the tunnel before the bomb goes off or the train runs him over or both --

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER - THE CO-PILOT

is now upside-down, hanging from his seatbelt, wishing he didn't have a window seat view of --

THE TIMER OF THE BOMB

-- **00:02** -- **00:01** -- and

THE TRAIN AND THE HELICOPTER DETONATE

simultaneously -- the force of it creating a surging FIREBALL that just licks the exhaust of --

BOND'S ASTON MARTIN BURSTING OUT OF THE TUNNEL'S END

-- the flames right behind him -- and flaming debris shooting out all around the car --

INSIDE THE ASTON MARTIN - BOND'S HANDS

are flying on the steering wheel and the gearshift, trying to slow down and not lose control on the track -- as --

ON A NEARBY COUNTRY ROAD - A GORGEOUS FRENCH WOMAN

named AIMEE is oblivious to the mayhem a few hundred yards away -- she's too upset by the fact that her Peugot has chosen this deserted, albeit lovely, spot to overheat -- meanwhile --

IN THE ASTON MARTIN - BOND

barely maintains control as the car careens off the track and onto a dirt road, skidding in a cloud of dust toward ---

THE COUNTRY ROAD - AIMEE

can't believe her eyes as the Aston Martin finally BRAKES to a halt alongside her car -- she can't believe her luck when Bond gets out, looking more like he's stepped off a GQ cover than out of an exploding train. In short -- she's interested.

AIMEE
Thank you so much for stopping --
(anxious)
Are you going to Bordeaux?

BOND
Not today, apparently --

AIMEE
(hopes dashed)
Merde -- I shall never make it to the wine auction in time --
(points to bottle in car)
That's a Petrous '61 -- it's worth at least ten thousand francs -- now what am I to do with it?

Bond considers her problem --

BOND
My plans have gone off the rails too --
(in French)
-- wouldn't it be a shame to waste both that bottle and this afternoon?

Bond draws the sommellier's spike out of his pocket. Aimee considers it just long enough to smile an answer --

AIMEE
Oui.

MAIN TITLES

EXT. SEVERNAYA - RUSSIAN SECTION OF ARCTIC CIRCLE - DAY

It's the end of a very long night in this part of the Arctic -- the first dawn in six months is just starting to break. Situated in the middle of the endless white ice is a deceptively small installation -- and a notably large dish antenna, both painted white for camoflage. The only thing breaking the silence is the distant WHOPPING of --

A PAIR OF TRANSPORT SIZE HELICOPTERS

that even at first glance appear to be of an unusual design. The cockpit is more enclosed, like a tank's, and the metal finish makes it appear that the body is an unusual compound as well. The PILOT mikes his radio --

(NOTE: **BOLD** sentences in dialogue indicate subtitled Russian.)

PILOT
Atomic Energy Control calling Severnaya Station -- come in, Severnaya Station -- urgent --

INT. SEVERNAYA STATION - AT A RADIO CONSOLE

sits a bored young COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER who answers the call. As he speaks, we note that the inside of the station is larger than it appears outside -- it's sunk into the ice, housing the array of electronic consoles that control radar monitoring equipment -- and four Soviet ICBMs housed nearby. Near those consoles, against a wall, we see a tightly sealed vault door. We note too that there is a sketeton crew for such an important installation -- perhaps a dozen young men.

COM OFFICER
Severnaya Station to AEI Control -- what is "urgent"? -- over --

PILOT (O.S.)
Aerial scan of area indicates radiation leakage from silo two -- immediate evac necessary -- over --

The com officer casts a look around at the crew and the equipment. No red lights. No klaxons. No leak.

COM OFFICER
Our instruments show no such leak, AEI -- you are mistaken -- over --

As he responds we find our way to --

A YOUNG RUSSIAN TECHNICIAN

named VICTOR, who stands suddenly, fearfully, from his monitoring station --

VICTOR
(shouts)
Housing breakdown in silo two!

WIDER ON THE ROOM

as a status display screen for the silos flashes RED on the graphic for silo two -- and a KLAXON starts clanging. The other officers inside decide "Severnaya" is a new way to spell "Chernobyl" -- they start running up a metal staircase toward the building's exit --

ON HELIOPTERS

as they draw nearer to the installation, flying low over the endless field of ice --

PILOT
Evacuate station, Severnaya -- transport is on the way --

IN THE BASE - THE RUSSIAN OFFICERS

frantically get the hell out, some grabbing codebooks, others just tearing up the stairs -- but the com officer stands, puzzled -- something's wrong. This is confirmed as he looks at Victor -- who is notably not rushing out of the building. The com officer moves over to Victor and confronts him angrily in Russian, shoving him away from his console --

OUTSIDE THE BASE - THE RUSSIAN OFFICERS

run out of the building's twin exits as if it were on fire, YELLING in Russian and waving at the helicopters -- which are now practically upon the building and dip lower.

INSIDE THE COPTER - COCKPIT POV OF THE RUSSIANS

We can't see the faces of the men inside -- the pilot reaches for a button -- but a gloved hand signals for him to stop --

TREVELYAN (O.S.)
Not yet.
(beat)
Allow them a final look at the dawn.

INSIDE THE BASE - THE COM OFFICER

hits the keyboard at Victor's station -- and his suspicion is confirmed -- the radiation light goes out and the klaxon stops. The "leak" is a fake. Victor gets up to attack the com officer -- but he pulls his sidearm and shoots Victor twice --

INSIDE THE COPTER - COCKPIT POV OF THE RUSSIANS

The helicopter is almost upon them -- and inside the cockpit, the gloved hand waves -- **"now"** --

OUTSIDE THE BASE - THE HELICOPTERS

open fire on the men with front mounted machine guns, cutting them down on the ice. Some of them run -- but there's nowhere they can run to -- as the helicopters circle around the building, the Russian officers are cut to ribbons.

INSIDE THE BASE - THE COM OFFICER

can hear the GUNFIRE above -- he rushes to the nuclear missile controls, punches in a code, and throws destruct levers on the consoles, one by one -- the controls for silo one EXPLODE in a shower of SPARKS -- he throws another lever EXPLODING the controls for silo two --

OUTSIDE THE BASE - THE HELICOPTERS

land amid the bodies, their last breaths STEAMING out in the subzero air.

As the copters touch down, the last Russian officer alive -- wounded, cursing -- pulls his sidearm and rushes one copter from the side, FIRING in a futile last gesture -- but he is cut down by a single SHOT to the heart from

AUGUSTUS TREVELYAN

who exits the helicopter, his automatic smoking, unaffected by all this death. He is in his 60s -- unmistakably British -- yet just as unmistakably at home in Russia. If his face registers any emotion now, it's probably only an appreciation for the arctic dawn.

INSIDE THE BASE - THE COM OFFICER

triggers the BLASTS on the third, then the fourth silo control -- and runs to the communications console, reaching for a red button on the panel -- the lettering is in Cyrillic but it's clearly the "S.O.S." button. The com officer flips up the plastic protector -- and pushes the button just as a BURST of MACHINE GUN FIRE rattles out -- hitting the com officer in the chest and finishing him.

ATOP THE STAIRCASE - **SAVATIER**

a mute, remorseless killer with a notably scarred throat, lowers his machine gun. Behind him, Trevelyan walks down the metal stairs, surveying it all.

He is followed down by ALEXEI MAKVENIO -- a scientist who is clearly rattled -- and a half dozen armed men. Trevelyan moves down to Victor's body -- and removes a magnetic code key from his pocket. Alexei, worried, looks at the com officer's console.

ALEXEI
He's sent out an alert to the Russian military -- the air force will have jets here in minutes --

TREVELYAN
Twelve.
(beat)
The Nevsky is the nearest aircraft carrier in the Siberian Sea. At top speed their Migs will arrive in twelve minutes.

Trevelyan walks to the vault door -- and inserts the key.

TREVELYAN
Which should be just about on time -- correct, Alexei?

The vault door opens, revealing

THE "TEMPEST" CONTROL CENTER - A SMALL ROOM

filled with electronics -- notably, three monitors, and a cryptography computer about the size of a laptop housed in the control center. Trevelyan turns to Alexei.

TREVELYAN
Now -- let's see if your brainchild works.

Alexei runs to the system and turns it on, hurriedly, efficiently punching in the codes -- and --

IN OUTER SPACE - **TEMPEST ONE**

A satelite that's been dummied up to look -- and broadcast -- like a simple communications satelite -- gets its wakeup call.

On receiving the go code, the satelite blows off its panels -- stops its broadcasts -- and the core machinery that emerges fans out a group of panels into a conical shape.

AT THE TEMPEST COMPUTER - THE DISPLAY SCREEN

fills with two lines: the location of the satelite, in latitude and longitude, and a blank entry for the primary target.

ALEXEI
(relieved, excited)
It's responding --

TREVELYAN
Then enter the target for today.

Alexei looks afraid -- but this is not open to debate --

TREVELYAN
Nine minutes, Alexei.

Alexei punches in codes -- and a new targeting parameter of longitude and latitude under the location --

IN OUTER SPACE - THE TEMPEST ONE

fires compressed gas jets -- and it purposefully steers toward its destination --

IN THE CONTROL ROOM - THE TEMPEST LAPTOP SCREEN

shows this display:

LOCATION: 80.31.160.17
PRIMARY TARGET: 78.08.107.58

But the location of the satelite is changing -- and the display tracks with it, as the numbers start to match that of the target.

EXT. SIBERIAN SEA - AIRCRAFT CARRIER NEVSKY

As predicted by Trevelyan, a quartet of Migs have been scrambled -- the last of the four SCREAMS in takeoff from the deck and joins the formation to jet toward Severnaya --

INT. SEVERNAYA STATION - TEMPEST CONTROL ROOM

Alexei quickly -- but carefully -- unfastens the switches that hold the Tempest laptop in the docking station. As he removes it, its display still works on battery power:

LOCATION: 79.12.124.62
PRIMARY TARGET: 78.08.107.15

-- and the location number turns over at an amazing pace --

IN OUTER SPACE - THE TEMPEST ONE

silently streaks with missile like speed toward the target --

OVER THE ARCTIC ICE - THE SOVIET MIGS

BLAST over the Arctic -- and send out a threateningly toned radio call in Russian --

AT THE BASE - THE HELICOPTERS

are boarded by Trevelyan, Savatier and Alexei -- the insistent call from the Migs is repeated -- and unanswered. Alexei glances between the radio, and the Tempest computer.

As the helicopters take off, Alexei's eyes are fixed on

THE TEMPEST TRACKING SCREEN

-- the numbers are locking into place like a slot machine about to hit one hell of a jackpot --

LOCATION: 78.08.114.39
PRIMARY TARGET: 78.08.107.15

PILOT POV - THE SOVIET MIGS

TEAR the sky at top speed -- the base, and the helicopters, are distant dots on the horizon -- the lead airman abandons the radio -- and activates the heads-up display of the missile firing system --

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER - COCKPIT POV

shows the jets are approaching fast. Alexei is still unnerved. Trevelyan is unnervingly calm.

TREVELYAN
(to pilot)
Activate shielding.

OUTSIDE THE HELICOPTERS - THE COCKPITS

and every other exposed part of the copters are covered with a mechanically lowered **louvred shielding** -- of the same finish as the rest of the helicopter. The odd design is starting to make sense -- we go --

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER

which is now sealed off -- the pilot is flying on instruments alone -- Trevelyan turns to a shaken Alexei, who's sweating as if he were in the Sahara rather than the Arctic.

TREVELYAN
In the moments before the first atomic explosion, Oppenheimer was afraid too.
(beat)
He was afraid he'd set the atmosphere of the entire world on fire.
(amused)
What are you afraid of at this moment, Alexei?

Alexei is focused down on --

THE SCREEN - THE NUMBERS

are practically locked into place -- only seconds remain --

LOCATION: 78.08.107.93
PRIMARY TARGET: 78.08.107.15

WIDE SHOT OF ARCTIC SKY - THE MIGS AND THE HELICOPTERS

are clearly on a **collision course** --

INSIDE THE LEAD SOVIET MIG - PILOT POV

The pilot **locks** his missile targeting system on the helicopters and is about to **fire** --

TIGHT ON TEMPEST COMPUTER SCREEN

as the final numbers lock into place -- "location" and "primary target" now have the same numbers --

IN OUTER SPACE - THE TEMPEST ONE SATELITE

stabilizes its position -- points the cone of the shape charge down to Earth -- and **EXPLODES**, in a blindingly bright, yet totally silent, blast --

WIDE SHOT OVER THE ARCTIC - **THE DETONATION**

is anything but silent closer to Earth -- and it almost looks as if the sky has been set ablaze -- it's lit up with the sheer force of it, which looks, sounds and feels like **a thousand bolts of lightning** --

CLOSE ON THE SOVIET MIGS

which are struck by the effects of the blast -- their jets stop WHIRRING -- they stop, period --

INSIDE ONE MIG

as the pilot pushes the missile firing button -- **all** of his electronics short out and **totally fail** -- the heads-up system blanks, the controls won't respond -- at the same time --

CLOSE ON THE HELICOPTERS

The effects of the blast that have crippled the Migs have **zero effect** on the helicopters -- a blue flash SIZZLES harmlessly around the helicopter's shielding --

INSIDE THE HELICOPTERS

-- but that's it -- the electronics inside these aircraft are working just fine -- but elsewhere --

OUTSIDE THE SEVERNAYA STATION - THE RADAR ANTENNA

is destroyed as the detonation shorts out the electronic equipment, starting electrical fires that engulf the dish --

INSIDE THE SEVERNAYA STATION

The effects of the blast are totally felt here -- computers spark and EXPLODE -- notably including the **Tempest control room** -- within seconds the base is filled with fire --

WIDER SHOT ON THE ARCTIC - THE MIGS AND THE HELICOPTERS

The Migs, with no operational systems at all, **drop out of the sky** as randomly and soundlessly as toy gliders -- and EXPLODE into fireballs, one after another, cartwheeling on the ice --

-- as Trevelyan's helicopters peacefully fly over the wreckage. The louvre shielding retracts --

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER - TREVELYAN

looks out the window at the burning Migs -- and back at the fireball of the Severnaya base -- as he takes the Tempest computer from Alexei and puts it in a padded case. Alexei's face is a blend of wonder and horror at what he's created --

TREVELYAN
Congratulations, Alexei.
(contented smile)
Now let's set the world on fire.

WIDE SHOT ON THE ARCTIC

as the helicopters fly into the new dawn, leaving the wreckage and fire of the Tempest behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. CHALET - PARIS - MORNING

In a well kept Paris chalet, PETER (35), a fit, handsome Russian man, is in the open kitchen making two capuccinos. We notice here that the chalet is crowded with elaborate computers and electronics -- apparently Peter's field. It's also clearly the morning after a very successful night before. Billie Holliday is on the stereo, and the shower can be heard running in the background -- but the real tipoff that Peter just had a night of spectacular sex is the silly grin frozen on his face.

XENIA (O.S.)
(from shower, beckoning)
Peter --

PETER
Yes, Xenia --

XENIA
(laughing)
I need you to wash my back, please --

Peter, giddy, brings a tray with the cappucinos into the bathroom, and rests them on the sink as he takes off his bathrobe and gets into the shower. Inside the shower --

XENIA

waits, laughing, wet. She is breathtaking, with the kind of beauty every man wants -- the kind every man fears. And she seems to want Peter as much as he wants her.

PETER
(smug)
Is that all you need, darling?

XENIA
(laughs)
Perhaps you can wash my front as well --

TIGHT ON THEIR FACES

Peter kisses Xenia and starts to do exactly that for a moment -- but Xenia breaks off the kiss suddenly, teasingly --

XENIA
(smiling)
Peter -- you do love me?

He nods and tries to get back to business -- but --

XENIA
(teasing but insistent)
Then say it, please --

PETER
(so happy he means it)
Xenia -- I love you --

Peter's mouth freezes on that final syllable -- totally. His eyes go glassy --

TIGHT ON XENIA'S FACE

whose "lovestruck" smile has turned into something viciously different. Concentration. Exertion. **Contempt.**

ANOTHER ANGLE - XENIA'S HANDS

are pressing firmly against a **pressure point** above Peter's heart -- and she's holding him tightly against the shower wall. Inside this lovely body is deceptive, deadly strength.

ON PETER'S FACE

which is totally white -- stunned, surprised, and in agony. Xenia is using the pressure point to induce a **heart attack.** Finally, the job done, Xenia drops him -- and as he gasps his last breath on the shower floor, he looks up, betrayed --

XENIA

exits the shower, looking down at him, remorseless.

XENIA
But you did not love me well enough -- "darling".

With that, Xenia shuts the door -- and we --

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NEAR BURBANK - NIGHT

In a pouring rain, just after rush hour traffic, a gold Mercedes 560SL turns off Cahuenga and onto Mullholland to start the serpentine upward. As her car turns left --

-- a four wheel drive Ford Bronco starts its engine and smoothly pulls in behind her.

INSIDE THE MERCEDES - A RUSSIAN WOMAN

in her fifties names SASHA drives a little uncertainly on the dark, slick road -- she takes a pair of eyeglasses off of the "PACIFITECH" binders on the seat next to her -- as she puts them on, we see before she does that the HEADLIGHTS of the Bronco behind her are coming up way too close, way too fast --

OUTSIDE THE MERCEDES - THE BRONCO

slams into the back of the Mercedes with a frightening CRUNCH, fishtailing the rear end near the edge of a curve --

INSIDE THE MERCEDES - SASHA

is terrified and thrown forward by the impact -- she accelerates and tries to get ahead -- but the road is too winding and too wet for her to really get moving --

-- the car is slammed again -- Sasha SCREAMS this time and tries to regain control -- but she hasn't got a chance --

ON THE ROAD

-- The Bronco hangs back and gets enough room to accelerate and ram the Mercedes a third deadly time -- with the IMPACT of this blow, the Mercedes **sails off the edge of Mulholland at the edge of Overlook Park** --

-- as it does, the Bronco goes forward as if nothing happened --

INSIDE THE BRONCO - SAVATIER

is the driver -- and he doesn't even bother to look back at the SOUND of the explosion, or the way the night is briefly lit up by the FIREBALL. He just keeps driving.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON - A POSH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Waiting at the steps of an expensive restaurant are a well-dressed Russian couple in their 60s, ANATOLY, and his wife LARISA, a little giddy from the wine they had with dinner. They seem to be an older couple that's still very much in love. A VALET brings up their Jaguar sedan -- and after stepping out of the driver's seat, the valet moves to open the door for Larisa. With a flourish, Anatoly moves in to open the door instead -- and Larisa gets in.

As Anatoly walks behind the car to get in the driver's seat, a odd look flashes interrupts his mildly drunken grin for a moment -- but just for a split second -- as --

ON THE PASSENGER SIDE - THE VALET'S GLOVED HAND

smoothly, surreptitiously, slides under the door handle Anatoly just touched -- and removes something --

THE JAGUAR

roars off -- leaving the Valet behind, very, very carefully putting the small item in his coat pocket.

INSIDE THE JAGUAR - ANATOLY

is starting to look a little grey as he drives into the city traffic -- Larisa notices this, a little alarmed --

LARISA
Anatoly -- do you want for me to drive?

Anatoly shakes his head no -- and tries to clear his head -- but he hyperventilates and loses control of the car --

THE JAGUAR

is now just idling, but totally directionless -- at five miles an hour it pulls onto the sidewalk, knocking over garbage, scattering the Londoners walking there --

INSIDE THE CAR - LARISA AND ANATOLY

Larisa, frantic, tries to grab the steering wheel -- Anatoly, sweating and beginning seizures -- with his last clear thought, presses his middle fingertip with his thumb --

CLOSE ON FINGERTIP - A SMALL PINPRICK OF BLOOD

can be seen --

ANATOLY

knows he's finished now -- the last thing he says seems an inarticulate croak --

ANATOLY
-- kaggabe --

Anatoly collapses into Larisa's lap as --

THE JAGUAR

finally stops with a gentle CRASH against a lamppost, the engine still purring as passerby run up to the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON - **UNIVERSAL EXPORTS** ADDRESS PLATE - DAY

Big Ben CHIMES out nine as London traffic takes us into --

BOND'S OFFICE - CLOSE ON BOND'S FACE

as he smiles slightly -- he's looking at --

BOND
The rudest waiter I've ever met. Even by French standards.

A COMPUTER SCREEN

shows a high-quality digital photo of the "sommellier" from the train -- a text window appears in the corner identifying him, but a woman's voice reads it out for us --

PONSONBY (O.S.)
Emil Griffini -- formerly with the Red Brigade as an explosives expert. He's listed here as inactive, James.

ON BOND AND PONSONBY

Bond stands at his desk and eyes the screen intently. Working the computer keyboard, and wishing Bond were as interested in her as in his work, is Bond's secretary, LOELIA PONSONBY (20s).

BOND
He was certainly active on that train -- pull up his known associates, Loelia.

Several keystrokes later, the face of a <u>hawk-nosed man</u> appears on screen -- but an intercom on Bond's desk comes to life --

M (O.S.)
Miss Ponsonby --

PONSONBY
Yes, sir --

M (O.S.)
Find 007 -- and tell him he's required in the conference room -- <u>at once</u> --

The intercom clicks off -- and Bond starts for the door --

BOND
Make hard copies of those, Loelia. And --
(a bit <u>too</u> disinterested)
-- contact the consortium that built the train. I want to find out --

PONSONBY
-- who that woman in your report was?
(smiling)
Is that to be an <u>official</u> inquiry, James?

BOND
(returns the smile)
Unofficial, Loelia -- we'd started a promising conversation -- and I'd like the chance to finish it.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA - CITY STREET - DAY

This street, near one of the many rivers that crisscross the city, is primarily made up of apartment buildings.

At the curb in front of one of them, a cab pulls up -- Marina, just back from France, pays the driver and takes her two shoulder bags out, heading into the building. As she does --

A REPAIR VAN ACROSS THE STREET

opens its door -- a "repairman", in cap and overalls, takes his toolbox out of the cab and starts across the street --

INT. MARINA'S BUILDING - LOBBY

The inside of the building looks run down -- the long hallway from the door to the elevator is dark and dingy. Marina, frustrated, stabs at the elevator button -- it's not working. Resigned to the climb, she takes her bags and starts for the stairs -- but turns at the sound of the door CLANGING open --

MARINA'S POV - THE "REPAIRMAN" IS SILHOETTED

against the light of the doorway -- he is clearly taking a long barrelled pistol out of his toolbox --

MARINA

is surprised -- and frightened -- she runs for the stairs and covers the first flight in seconds, even with her bags --

THE "REPAIRMAN"

doesn't even pick up his pace -- he just keeps walking through the hall, gun in one hand, toolbox in the other --

MARINA - RUNNING

up the stairs -- she finds the common sense to drop her bags on the second floor as she runs up toward the third --

THE "REPAIRMAN"

is still just walking slowly through the hallway --

ON THE THIRD FLOOR - MARINA

is running and trying to get out her keys -- and to get the right one -- she looks down --

MARINA'S POV - THE "REPAIRMAN"

has just reached the lobby, by the elevator --

MARINA

finally gets the key, gets to her door, and opens it --

-- once inside, she slams the door shut, double locks it, and leans against it, gasping for breath --

IN THE LOBBY - THE "REPAIRMAN"

smiles. Puts the gun back in the toolbox. Takes out a screwdriver. And adjusts the elevator call box.

IN THE APARTMENT - MARINA

is still panicked and breathing fast -- she coughs. And coughs again, harshly. Something smells wrong -- she looks at --

CLOSE ON A **GAS PIPE** IN THE KITCHEN

which is **punctured** and HISSING -- we also see that

IN THE HALLWAY OF THE THIRD FLOOR - ANOTHER PIPE

is loose, **HISSING out natural gas** --

IN THE LOBBY - THE "REPAIRMAN"

finishes his adjustment. Reaches in the elevator car. And punches "3" before walking back through the hallway -- the ancient elevator WHIRRS upward --

CLOSE ON TOP OF ELEVATOR - A **CONTACT CHARGE**

is on the roof of the elevator car -- when it gets to a certain point, it will detonate and set off the gas --

INSIDE THE APARTMENT - MARINA

is really panicked now -- she can't go out the door -- but knows she has to do something, fast -- she crosses to a window, grabs a chair and SMASHES the glass -- as --

THE ELEVATOR

reaches the second floor -- and WHIRRS upward --

IN THE APARTMENT - MARINA

has knocked away the glass -- but there are iron bars in the window -- ordinarily these would be for her protection, but now that's not the way it's working out -- she struggles with a rusty, jammed release latch -- meanwhile --

ANGLE DOWN ELEVATOR SHAFT - **THE ELEVATOR**

is coming up fast -- and from this angle we can see the contact detonator is right at the top of the third floor --

AT THE WINDOW - MARINA

desperately bangs the latch -- it releases at last and the iron bars CLANG down to fall sixty feet to the alley below --

-- Marina looks at the iron bars fall all the way down -- and at the roof of the building across the alley, which is twenty feet below -- and ten feet across -- from this window. Marina climbs into the window, scared out of her wits -- as --

THE ELEVATOR

arrives at the third floor with a tiny "DING" -- and --

-- the **contact charge completes its circuit and goes off** --

IN THE HALLWAY - THE GAS

ignites in a wall of blue flame that flashes for the door --

IN THE WINDOW - MARINA

has no choice -- she jumps out as far as she can -- there is no comfort in the derring-do here, this is as terrifying a leap as if you or I were jumping from an exploding building --

IN THE APARTMENT - THE FRONT DOOR IS **BLASTED IN**

by the hallway gas and the entire apartment **EXPLODES** --

OUTSIDE THE BUILDING - THE **SURGING FLAME**

of the explosion **rushes just over Marina's head** as she awkwardly falls to the roof of the building next door --

-- the **entire third floor of the building blows** as --

IN THE STREET - THE "REPAIRMAN"

is in the van, unaware of Marina's escape as he drives off.

ON THE ROOF OF THE BUILDING - MARINA

brushes off glass and looks up at the raging fire that used to be her home. She knows there is no reason for her to stop being afraid. She now knows she is a target.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNIVERSAL EXPORTS - OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM - BOND

arrives just behind Q. Q turns to see Bond -- barely conceals his distaste -- and turns his back on him.

Q
(frosty)
Good morning, 007 --

BOND
(lights the fuse)
Is the DB7 back up to speed, Q?

Q
(explodes)
Really, 007 -- Aston Martin only makes one hundred cars a year -- you wind up demolishing half of them --

IN THE **CONFERENCE ROOM**

The room is a mixture of old and new -- the conference table and high-backed chairs are classically British and could have come from the nineteenth century. But the array of electronics -- a world map on one wall, and a group of three video/computer monitors against another, is from the twenty-first.

Bond and Q arrive to find M, preparing a pipe and seated at the head of the table. On one side of him is SIR JAMES MOLONY (50s), consulting neurologist to the secret service -- on another is the MINISTER OF DEFENSE.

M
Sit down, 007.
(motions around table)
You know Sir James Molony -- our consulting neurologist -- and the Minister of Defense, of course.
(Bond nods)
Are you familiar with Anatoly Razhnov?

BOND
Of course -- a Russian scientist from the Soviet Space Weapons Directorate. Defected to England recently. I understand he was debriefing us on their space program.

M
"Was" is correct, 007. He suffered a stroke last night at 21:30 GMT.
(tamps tobacco in pipe)
Sir James?

Sir James Molony opens up a medical report --

MOLONY
Razhnov is alive -- if you could call it that. But he'll never be able to hold a pencil again, much less a briefing on space propulsion systems. What's troubling is that --
(eyes report)
-- the stroke was artificially induced.

BOND
(doesn't miss a beat)
Neurotoxin?

MOLONY
An extremely subtle one. Took me four screenings to find it. Wouldn't have bothered looking, but the last thing Razhnov said -- in fact the last thing he's ever likely to say -- was --
(checks report)
-- "kaggabe".

Bond tenses at the Russian phrase --

BOND
Are you certain?

MOLONY
I'm afraid so.

The mood in the room takes a dark turn -- the Minister, however, is one step behind --

MINISTER
(exasperated)
Well? Who is "kaggabe"?

BOND
(patiently)
Russian pronunciation of "KGB", Minister. This type of assassination used to be their specialty.
(turns to M)
But why would the Russians try to kill him now?

M
Razhnov was about to brief us on a program he worked on called "Beurya" -- which translates to "Tempest". All we got out of him was that "Tempest" was a space based offensive weapon -- with the control center in the Russian side of the Arctic.

M nods to Q -- who activates --

THE COMPUTER/VIDEO MONITORS

that dominate the end of the room. The far right screen fills with the digital image of the Arctic, taken from a satelite -- from this height it looks just like a white, blank screen --

M
These photos were taken via satelite two nights ago --

Q **zooms the image** in on the center screen, CLICKING a computer mouse-type gadget -- the digital photo loses nothing in detail or clarity as the VIEW drops dramatically through the black smoke and the **raging fire** of the Russian base.

M
-- that's what's left of the Russian ICBM base in the Arctic.
(contemptuously)
The Russian government claims that an "electrical fire" started in a silo, causing a small explosion. Which is --

Q
(can't contain himself)
-- poppycock.
(looks to M)
If I may?

M nods -- might as well, there's no stopping him -- Q gets to his feet and points at the screens --

Q
In the highly unlikely event that an electrical fire would spread from the silos, here, to the control center here --

Q CLICKS the "mouse" -- and the left screen fills with a digital image, close up, of the planes' wreckage.

Q
-- no matter how large an explosion was caused, it couldn't possibly have claimed these four Russian Migs half a mile to the east.

BOND

stares at the wreckage photo -- noticing something --

BOND
Pull that image back a bit, Q --
(Q does)
-- that's a tight wreckage pattern -- those planes were destroyed on impact, not in mid-air. Something caused their operating systems to fail in flight -- like --
(adds it up)
-- an electromagnetic pulse.

Q
Precisely my thoughts, 007.

MINISTER
(confused)
An electro -- what?

Q

(peeved)
Do you ever read my memorandums?

(patiently)
When a nuclear weapon is discharged, it creates a powerful electromagnetic pulse that totally and instantaneously destroys all non-shielded circuitry, such as in motors, computers, aircraft -- virtually any electronic device.

(points to photos)
Now, the pattern of the destruction indicates that such a pulse may have been created here -- without a nuclear detonation. If the Russians have figured out how to generate such a pulse artificially -- particularly from outer space --

BOND
-- it would be categorized as a first strike weapon, Minister.

MINISTER
My God --

M

(gravely)
And it could be easily directed at any NATO base -- or any major city -- with devastating consequences.

(stands)
We can't be sure if the Russian government is lying to withold this weapon from disarmament talks -- or if some of the old Communist hard-liners are building up to a power grab. The stakes are far too high for us to just sit back and watch.

(crosses to Bond)
You're booked on the next flight to Moscow, 007. Find out precisely what this "Tempest" weapon is -- and precisely who has exercised such a sudden interest in it.

As M hands Bond the mission folder -- and Bond breaks the seal -- we --

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE NEAR MOSCOW - TREVELYAN'S MANSION - NIGHT

This is unmistakably a home of 19th century Russian royalty -- the grounds and the house are as enormous as they are ornate.

INT. THE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The interior and furnishings are equally fit for a Czar -- which is clearly how Trevelyan views himself. As we MOVE toward the long, long dining room table, we see we've arrived at the end of dinner -- SERVANTS are silently clearing away the dishes.

Trevelyan is seated at the head of the table -- twelve luxuriously upholstered chairs run around the rest of it. Some of the dinner guests we recognize -- Xenia, Savatier, Alexei -- others we don't. But this is clearly a business gathering. An American named JORDAN is finishing his report --

JORDAN
The codes are hard to come by -- and even harder to recode -- but we'll be ready for firing in two days, Mr. Trevelyan.

TREVELYAN
Excellent. Well -- now that we've discussed the future of the Tempest, I want to make sure that its past has been completely swept away.
(looks to Savatier)
Savatier?
(as he gets up)
At the same time, I've arranged for a little parlor game -- just to let you know how much I appreciate the superb work you've all done.

With that, Savatier draws a long bladed carving knife from a wooden box on the table. Trevelyan smiles. A perfect host.

TREVELYAN
One of the twelve chairs you're seated in -- even I'm not sure which -- has a jewelled dagger that belonged to Nicholas II sewn into the rear cushion. Whoever's seated in that chair gets to keep the dagger -- which is priceless, incidentally.
(casually)
While we wait to see who's won -- if you wouldn't mind reporting your progress --

Savatier steps behind Xenia, who is not in the least disturbed by this "game" -- she holds Trevelyan's gaze as she reports --

XENIA
Software specialist Peter Oronov suffered a fatal heart attack in Paris.

Xenia doesn't even shiver as the cushion behind her is knifed with a **RIPPP** of tearing fabric -- nothing is there -- so --

Savatier moves to the next guest -- MORLEY -- who we recognize as the "valet" -- as he confidently reports --

MORLEY
Anatoly Razhnov suffered a very timely stroke in London --

-- **RIPPPP** -- and again, no dagger -- Savatier moves to --

TYSON -- who has the hawk-nosed face we saw on Bond's computer not too long ago. This gentleman is sweating a bit.

TYSON
The train attack in France meant to eliminate cryptographer Marina Varoskaya -- failed --

Savatier does not stick his knife in the chair. Trevelyan's face is not pleased. But it is otherwise unreadable, a blank.

TREVELYAN
-- and why is that?

TYSON
(really nervous now)
-- a British agent on board -- James Bond -- discovered my men before --

Trevelyan's poker face is split by a slight smile.

TREVELYAN
-- James Bond?
(interested now)
Tell me -- did your men kill him?

TYSON
(sure he's dead now)
-- no ---

RIPPPP -- the chair is cut up -- but Tyson, incredibly, is not. Nor is the dagger in this cushion -- Savatier moves on.

TREVELYAN
Splendid. I want to see Bond once more before he dies.

Tyson, who can't believe he's off the hook, wipes his forehead in as dignified a manner as possible. The next report is from --

-- ILLYA -- the "repairman" who attacked Marina. He seems smug as Savatier moves behind him.

ILLYA
On the second attempt -- Marina Varoskaya was killed in an "accidental" gas explosion in her home.

Trevelyan lightly shakes his head -- "no" --

TREVELYAN
There was no sign of her body in your elaborately arranged "accidental" fire.

This is news to Illya. The color drains from his face.

TREVELYAN
Marina Varoskaya is a brilliant woman, who is no doubt used to being spied on by the KGB. You underestimated her.
(quiet, building anger)
She now knows she is a target. She has gone into hiding. That makes her a very significant threat to our entire operation.

ANGLE BEHIND CHAIR - SAVATIER

changes his grip on the knife to cut more than fabric --

TIGHT ON ILLYA'S EYES

which register pure animal fear -- as the SOUND of the knife PLUNGING through wood, skin and bone finally comes --

-- and Illya is alive. He turns to his right --

TYSON

has been stabbed -- we don't see the knife or the blood, just a very surprised look on his face as he is addressed by --

TREVELYAN
Had you used trustworthy people, my dear old colleague James Bond would never have even been on that train. And we would be spared a great deal of trouble.

Savatier withdraws the knife -- which was holding Tyson up in the chair -- and he collapses forward onto the table.

Illya jumps when Savatier, with one stroke, **RIPPPS** the fabric in his chair -- and withdraws the jewelled dagger, which he gently hands Illya as he walks away. Trevelyan smiles.

TREVELYAN
This is your lucky night after all.
(turns to ice)
Find Marina Varoskaya. And kill her. We must leave nothing to chance.

Chastened, Illya nods -- and we move to a --

WIDER ANGLE ON DINING ROOM

As we leave, things return to normal: Trevelyan clips the end off a cigar. One servant begins to pour coffee, serving Xenia first. Another servant brings in a dessert cart. And several others, without revulsion or even apparent notice of anything unusual, carry away Tyson's corpse and chair.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOSCOW - DAY - **RED SQUARE**

is Moscow's most spectacular sight -- on one side, the glass of the GUM Department Store -- on the other, Lenin's Tomb at the foot of the Kremlin wall. Today the vast, cobblestoned open space is filled with Russians on their lunch hour -- and watching children ice skate near the Kremlin's many graves is

BOND

who is lighting a cigarette -- and thinking too much. He turns away from the Kremlin wall to look at St. Basil's Cathedral --

ROMALY (O.S.)
St. Basil's Cathedral. But don't stare at it too long, 007. It's bad luck.

A huge, coarse Russian bear of a man -- VALENTIN KOSYGYN (60s), alias ROMALY, hoves into view, grinning, hand thrust out.

ROMALY
Valentin Kosygyn, Moscow Station. But everyone calls me Romaly. If ever you call me by the other name, we shall have to fight. And it would be a disgrace for you to lose to a man as old as me.

BOND
(smiles)
I'll be careful, Romaly. And you should call me James.

Bond and Romaly walk toward the cathedral -- Romaly points toward it --

ROMALY
Ivan the Terrible tore out the eyes of the architect who designed it, so he would never again behold anything so beautiful. Russian government has operated on similar logic ever since.
(beat)
You have been to Russia before, James?

A dark cloud passes over Bond's face --

BOND
(terse)
Once.

Romaly remembers -- and instantly regrets his error --

ROMALY
Stakhanya -- I am an old fool, James --

BOND
(cuts him off)
Forget about it, Romaly. It was a long time ago. And we've got work to do.

ROMALY
(shifts gears)
Yes -- M told me about your mission. He said the first step was to "deliberately provoke a response from the opposition".
(beat)
I am reminded of when my father taught me to hunt in the mountains. He said the first step is to tether a goat to a shoshka and wait for the tigers to arrive and devour it.

Bond is amused by the analogy and smiles --

BOND
Any ideas on where I should be tethered?

ROMALY
Tonight we have opportunity. A diplomatic reception at the Kremlin Grand Palace --
(claps hand on Bond's back)
-- let us see what kind of tigers show up to devour you there, eh?

CUT TO:

EXT. **KREMLIN GRAND PALACE** - ESTABLISHING VIEW - NIGHT

The oldest part of the Kremlin is a huge palace built for Nicholas I in the Kremlin's center, the gold and white spires dwarfing the older palaces and government buildings around it. Tonight, the marble staircase leading to the ground floor is brightly lit, with lines of limousines discharging stuffy couples in black tie past military guards --

INSIDE THE PALACE - ST. GEORGE'S HALL

is the most important, and opulent, locale for Moscow's affairs of state. The domed ceiling towers fifty feet over the enormous room -- and tonight the room is packed, shoulder to shoulder, with an international crowd of diplomats.

Right now, the crowd focuses on the podium, which has a banner in Cyrillic and English celebrating "PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP". The American DIPLOMAT droning at the microphone is just as subtle --

DIPLOMAT
I am pleased to be here on such an historic occasion -- as our rivalry blossoms into friendship. Peace has been achieved --
(some APPLAUSE)
-- not through the use of nuclear weapons -- but through the destruction of them --

There is much, much more APPLAUSE -- the American diplomat shakes hands with a Russian on the podium -- and we find --

BOND AND ROMALY

Romaly is underwhelmed by the sentiments -- Bond is busy checking out the crowd.

ROMALY
So they destroy a few of the warheads that have not been sold on black market --
(beat)
-- last week, we received a report of a man in Yakutsk with an operational warhead stored in his living room --

Bond is only half-listening to the anecdote -- he's more interested in what's caught his eye -- by a window is

GENERAL LEONID PUSHKIN

of the KGB's Counterintelligence Directorate, talking to a pair of Russians who probably have a less dangerous occupation.

BOND

crosses through the crowd -- and as Pushkin sees him coming, he excuses himself from his chat and walks toward Bond.

PUSHKIN
So -- James Bond --

BOND
(they shake hands)
General Pushkin --

Pushkin steers Bond away from some of the crowd, and toward a refreshment table -- although he's guardedly friendly, he's clearly very suspicious of Bond's presence.

PUSHKIN
It is always a pleasure to see you under peaceful conditions --
(wary)
-- if that is what they are. What can I do for you, Bond?

Pushkin takes a knife and stops in front of two silver jars of caviar -- apparently he can't decide which to try --

BOND
Just answer one question, General --
(beat)
-- did you initial a termination warrant for Anatoly Razhnov?

Pushkin freezes between the silver jars, astonished at the question -- Bond remains cool --

BOND
(indicates jar helpfully)
The royal beluga is superior, General, fresh from the Astrakhan coast. The other one I wouldn't feed to a koshka.

Pushkin snaps out of it and smears some of the better one on a cracker -- and is a little steamed now --

PUSHKIN
We do not kill defectors, Bond -- particularly not now --

BOND
Well, someone did -- someone with access to KGB toxins.
(beat)
And it happened less than a day after that nasty bit of weather you had in the Arctic. What's the Russian word for it? Beurya?

Pushkin stops in his tracks -- his face ices over completely.

PUSHKIN
(evenly)
I am very pleased that tensions between our countries have eased to the point that we can have a conversation inside the walls of the Kremlin.
(beat)
But I must warn you that if you pursue this conversation any further, 007, it will be finished inside the walls of the Lubyanka.

Pushkin stalks away from the table. Bond casually samples the better caviar and walks away --

-- revealing that Xenia is a few feet away -- and she heard this exchange.

ELSEWHERE IN ST. GEORGE'S HALL - PUSHKIN

walks up to a young KGB AGENT who's chatting with a woman --

PUSHKIN
(controlled anger)
Please see that James Bond is escorted to his car -- immediately --

Meanwhile --

EXT. AN OUTER PART OF THE PALACE - BOND

walks through one of the outer bridges that links the Grand Palace to the surrounding palaces -- the crowd is sparser here. Bond walks past a window, his attention is drawn toward an outer balcony -- his icy demeanor shattered for a moment --

BOND'S POV - **TREVELYAN**

is standing by a railing. He turns and sees Bond -- and abruptly ends the conversation he was engaged in, smiling invitingly.

TREVELYAN
Well -- James Bond.

BOND

walks toward Trevelyan, regaining his aplomb as he does. Two things are crystal clear. One is that Bond wants to kill this man very much. The other is that it's taking all his self-discipline to avoid attempting it here.

Trevelyan, on the other hand, wears the smirking armor of a man who feels he's already decisively vanquished his opponent.

BOND
Augustus Trevelyan --

TREVELYAN
(indicates reception)
I'll miss this particular struggle -- won't you, James? As Frederick the Great once said -- "Diplomacy without armaments is like music without instruments."
(points to Kremlin wall)
Now that it's over, I can tell you -- part of my charade is that I'm buried right over there -- three plots down from Khrushchev. Seems childish now.
(offers his hand)
You are surprised to find me still alive, I suppose?

BOND
More than that -- I'm delighted.
(doesn't take hand)
It's always been a great disappointment to me that I wasn't able to kill you personally.

Trevleyan laughs genuinely, as if this were a bon mot instead of the very real threat it is. He withdraws his hand.

TREVELYAN
Don't be ridiculous, Bond. It was a schoolboy's game that we played a long time ago. Two empires, battling to change the world. The battle is over --
(gestures around)
-- and it seems to me that the world has not changed so much for it. Now, men like you and I look for new games. That is all.

BOND
(with quiet contempt)
Is that how you live with betrayal and murder, Trevelyan? By calling it a game?

Now Trevelyan seems genuinely disappointed in Bond.

TREVELYAN
That question is beneath both of us, James. I might as well ask you if the vodka martinis ever completely still the voices of all the men you've killed.
(still conversational)
Or if you ever find forgiveness, in the arms of all those women, for the one that you failed to protect.
(dismissing him)
My conscience is clean, James. Yours, I think, is rather crowded.

Bond's fury is silent -- controlled -- but unmistakable --

BOND
Certainly there's room for one more --

TREVELYAN
(ice)
Please, James, no embarrassing bravado, no vows to kill me -- you had your opportunity some time ago.
(stating a certainty)
You won't get another.

Other reception guests begin to notice this confrontation -- but before it can escalate --

-- the KGB agent, with a pair of burly security men stuffed into bad tuxes, shows up behind Bond.

KGB AGENT
Mr. Bond -- your car is waiting.
(Bond doesn't move)
Mr. Bond -- your car.

A very agitated Romaly shows up and takes Bond away -- and we --

CUT TO:

EXT. ARCHED GATE OF KREMLIN - NIGHT

A limousine pulls out of the gate, passing a pair of GUARDS --

INSIDE THE LIMO - BOND AND ROMALY

are both tense -- albeit for different reasons --

ROMALY
You were supposed to draw out the tigers, James -- not jump-start the Cold War back into existance --

Bond takes out a cigarette --

BOND
I thought Trevelyan was dead.

ROMALY
You were meant to. The KGB faked his death after his defection so he could run the Active Measures directorate in secret.

BOND
(lights cigarette)
"Active Measures" -- the KGB euphemism for assassinations --

ROMALY
Trevelyan has planned or approved every KGB murder for years -- but he retired eight months ago. The government granted him honorary diplomatic status.

BOND
(a very dark laugh)
Diplomatic status -- for that bastard --

ROMALY
The Russians don't like him either, James. But the only time his enemies in government seem to surface is when the ice breaks on Moskva River in spring.

IN FRONT OF THE METROPOL HOTEL - THE LIMO STOPS

-- the rear door opens and Bond gets out. Romaly leans out --

ROMALY
Some advice, my friend -- put Trevelyan out of your mind. Find some form of amusement --
(smiles)
-- and try not to provoke any more of the opposition -- at least until tomorrow morning.

Romaly SHUTS the door and the limousine ROARS off as Bond -- who is clearly still agitated -- turns toward the Metropol.

CUT TO:

INT. STEAM BATH - CENTRAL POOL - NIGHT - CLOSE ON BOND

as he THRASHES through the water, trying to swim off the tension -- and we see --

THE CENTRAL ROOM OF THE METROPOL'S STEAM BATH

which isn't the tiny, tiled closet Westerners are used to -- this steam bath is an Olympic sized pool, surrounded by marble columns and, by the walls, individual steam rooms. The central room is completely fogged in with steam.

The only illumination is moonlight coming in through the huge skylight over the pool, and Bond is apparently alone. But as he swims --

SOMEONE ELSE'S POV MOVES THROUGH THE STEAM

and the darkness, silently --

IN THE WATER - BOND SWIMS

vigorously -- he doesn't know he has company --

SOMEONE ELSE'S POV MOVES PAST THE COLUMNS

one by one, toward the opposite end of the pool and the individual steam rooms --

IN THE WATER - BOND

reaches the same end of the pool -- if anything, he's more wound up than before -- as he starts to get out at the pool's end, he looks to the side --

BOND'S POV - THE STEAM BEHIND THE COLUMNS

has been stirred by the backdraft of someone walking --

BOND GETS OUT OF THE POOL

in a single motion, as if he's seen nothing -- he walks casually toward a steam room -- but when he reaches one column --

-- Bond abruptly grabs someone's arm in the darkness, applies a leverage hold and THROWS whoever's there into an individual steam room -- there's the SLAM of someone's body hitting the room's far wall --

-- and Bond hasn't even broken his stride, as he plucks his Walther from under a bathrobe on a bench -- and steps into the smaller steam room, gun in position --

But Bond halts in his tracks at the door -- surprised -- he looks at a towel, lying in a heap in the doorway -- and at --

THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE ROOM - XENIA

has landed on the wooden, cushioned seat of the steam room. She is illuminated only by the coals of the room's stove, and some light reflecting in from the pool. Just enough to ascertain, through the steam, that her body is as flawless as it is naked.

XENIA
Good evening, Mr. Bond.

Xenia is smiling comfortably -- as if her nudity makes Bond, not her, the vulnerable one. It's clear from Xenia's almost mocking attitude that she's accustomed to using her body to intimidate men. Even the fact that she's been thrown into the room doesn't matter. To her -- this is foreplay.

BOND MOVES INTO THE ROOM

-- and instead of handing her the towel, he drapes it around his shoulders, smiling. He doesn't have the gun pointed at her anymore -- it casually dangles from his hand as he sits down opposite her.

BOND
Well -- the face is familiar. And the rest is exquisite.
(refers to towel)
Generally I don't undress a woman until <u>after</u> meeting her --

XENIA
My name is Xenia Labyakova. I understand you are asking questions about Razhnov -- and Tempest.
(beat)
I came to give you a few answers.

BOND
Thank you for being so forthcoming --
(beat)
-- but the name's familiar too, Xenia. You work for the Active Measures directorate.
(casually)
Thoughtless of your superiors to send you up here to kill me -- unarmed.

Xenia gets up with a small laugh -- and crosses to Bond, slowly -- she wants him to get a good look. Bond lets her -- the Walther still casually hanging from his hand --

XENIA
Really, James -- can I call you James? -- if I'd wanted to kill you -- I wouldn't need one of <u>these</u> --

Xenia's face is now inches from Bond's -- one hand dips out of view --

XENIA'S HAND

gently <u>takes the Walther</u> out of Bond's grasp --

CLOSE ON BOND AND XENIA - BOND

is as unshaken as he appears -- his eyes never leave Xenia's, nor does his smile drop -- after a long second we hear the light <u>RAP</u> of the gun being placed on the wooden bench --

XENIA
-- there are <u>six</u> ways I can kill you -- right here -- right now --

-- Xenia's hand comes back up -- and both her hands find their way to Bond's chest, caressing him there -- right over his heart -- as if she were picking the right spot --

BOND
I knew Russian training wasn't very good --

Bond reaches up and gently takes her hands off his chest -- the better to grab her back and draw her closer --

BOND
-- I can think of nine, at least.

Bond draws her closer still, into a ferocious kiss -- we --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOND'S METROPOL SUITE - NIGHT - A TRACKING SHOT

show clothing is strewn all over the Russian antiques -- as we MOVE IN we hear, but don't see, Bond and Xenia, their breath quickened a bit -- this is either before, or after, sex --

XENIA (O.S.)
There are rumors all over about Tempest -- that the government wants to erase all traces of it --
(impatient)
-- now?

BOND (O.S.)
(cool, but he wants it too)
-- not yet -- is it because of disarmament?

-- we pass the large bed -- Bond and Xenia aren't in it, but the sheets make this look like the violent ward instead of a luxury hotel --

XENIA (O.S.)
Yes -- NATO does not know about the weapon -- so it is to be kept in reserve -- in case peace does not work out --
(breathless)
-- James, **please** -- I can't wait --

BOND (O.S.)
(firm)
You'll have to --

At a large picture window we can see it's lightly snowing and cold as hell -- but we see it's a lot warmer in than out as we MOVE UP the bodies of

BOND AND XENIA - INTERTWINED

and balanced on a daybed built for one, dewed with post-coital perspiration. Bond checks, and replaces, a bottle of Dom Perignon in the ice bucket -- the subject of the other conversation. Xenia's head collapses on Bond's chest in exhaustion.

BOND
-- this has a half hour left, minimum.
(beat)
What do you know about the weapon?

XENIA
Nothing -- but the Tempest files are stored there --

She points out the window -- the view of central Moscow includes an ominous, grey complex --

XENIA
-- in the central part of Lubyanka. The KGB headquarters.
(beat)
Perhaps you could get to them?

BOND'S FACE

shows this is what he's been waiting for: the other shoe has dropped -- he plays along --

BOND
Not a chance. The security's far too tight. The entrance is triple-doored -- there's electronic surveillance on the roof --

XENIA
Still -- there is a way in. The outer complex is two buildings, built at two seperate times -- the first was north and east, built after Revolution --

Xenia traces an "L" shape with a fingernail on Bond's chest --

XENIA
The second was built in Stalin's time -- to join here --
(traces another "L")
-- but construction job was -- how do you say in English -- uzazhny --

BOND
In English, we say: "The foreman was hung over" --

XENIA
Correct -- The buildings do not quite join -- so a crawlspace at the bottom goes up three levels and is blocked off --
(punctuates with nail)
-- here.

BOND
You'll show me how to get to that?

XENIA
Yes -- but first --

Xenia shifts slightly over Bond --

XENIA
Since we have half hour, minimum -- you must kill me at least one more way --

Bond obliges -- as we --

CUT TO:

EXT. LUBYANKA STREET - **KGB HEADQUARTERS/LUBYANKA** - DAY

The grey, nameless KGB compound is situated on a busy Moscow street -- the only clue to its identity is a glimpse of the armed, olive-uniformed guards behind the smoked glass.

Bond -- who is wearing a roomy, rugged jacket that fits in with the winter wear of the Muscovites around him -- walks past the Lubyanka, and crosses the street just before an electric public streetcar CLANGS past. Bond passes the nearby "World of Children" store, turning a corner under a pair of uniformed traffic sentries in an elevated booth --

-- at the corner, he enters the glass doors of --

THE METRO STATION - BOND

fights the flow of pedestrian traffic to the down escalator -- on the escalator, Bond casually opens a note --

THE NOTE

is palm-sized -- there is a diagram on each side --

BOND REACHES THE BOTTOM OF THE ESCALATOR

and, blending with the crowd, moves toward a track maintenance door in the station's rear -- he opens it and slips inside, unnoticed -- meanwhile --

EXT. LUBYANKA STREET - XENIA

walks to the end of the block and gets inside a waiting limo -- the door is opened by --

TREVELYAN

waiting in the back seat, expectantly but confidently --

TREVELYAN
Any surprises?

XENIA
(smiles, gets in)
Nine of them.
(beat)
Otherwise, everything went as planned.

TREVELYAN
(shuts door)
As I told you --
(as limo drives off)
-- there are two things James Bond cannot resist -- a beautiful woman -- and an obvious trap.
(smiles)
He is always willing to try to get into the former -- and out of the latter.

ON THE METRO TRACK - BOND

emerges from a maintenance corridor onto the track itself, a hundred yards away from the platform.

Bond quickly crosses the track -- glances at the diagram -- and as the LIGHTS and BELLS of a train approach, Bond KICKS in another door -- and steps through it just as the train THUNDERS by -- meanwhile --

IN TREVELYAN'S LIMOUSINE - TREVELYAN

is extremely pleased with himself --

TREVELYAN
You gave him the directions in a note?
(she nods)
The British will now be certain that the Russians are behind the assassinations --

We cut back to --

BOND - IN A CRAWLSPACE

Bond finishes making his way to --

A NARROW UPWARD SHAFT

that cuts between the KGB buildings at the misaligned juncture of "building 1" and "building 2". The floor of the shaft is covered with debris -- Bond lightly kicks away a wandering rat and shines a penlight up through the total darkness.

The shaft looks like the botched construction job it is -- there are loose beams near the top, and the doors that were supposed to join are hopelessly misaligned. The whole thing goes up about fifty feet -- but it's only four feet across --

-- so Bond grips the first loose beam on a floor division -- and starts climbing up -- as --

IN TREVELYAN'S LIMOUSINE - TREVELYAN

TREVELYAN
-- just as the Russians will be certain that the British are trying to steal their technology when they find your diagram on Bond.

XENIA
Suppose Bond is as skilled with the latter -- as he was with the former?

Trevelyan's grin grows wider -- as --

IN THE SHAFT - BOND

has quickly made his way up, nearly to the top of the space -- straddling the beams that line the sides, he's about forty feet from the bottom. There are metal doors -- one on each side of the shaft -- but they're welded shut.

Now the only decision to make is which side to enter. Bond takes out what appears to be an electronic "dayplanner" -- but when he flips it open and hits the small keyboard, a variety of functions come up on the menu. Bond chooses **"THERMAL SCAN"** and holds the screen against the sealed left door --

INSIDE THE HALLWAY OF BUILDING 1 - KGB OFFICE WORKERS

move in and out of doorways --

ON THE SCREEN OF THE "DAYPLANNER" - THERMOGRAPHIC IMAGERY

reveals the workers there --

IN THE SHAFT - BOND

turns to the other side and presses the dayplanner against that door -- there is no thermal image here --

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR IN BUILDING 2 - A STORAGE ROOM

houses a variety of office junk --

IN THE SHAFT - BOND

pockets the dayplanner -- and takes out a felt-tip pen -- he starts to trace a line in the metal -- as he does, the trail of the acidic "ink" SIZZLES and CRACKS through the metal --

TREVELYAN (V.O.)
Six years ago, we caught the Chinese trying to get into that shaft with some listening equipment --

IN TREVELYAN'S LIMO - TREVELYAN

TREVELYAN
-- and I convinced the Internal Security directorate to leave the access to the shaft open.
(beat)
With a little pest control installed.

IN THE SHAFT - BOND

chemically carves his way through the door -- he's halfway through -- as --

BOND'S FOOT ON THE BEAM

triggers a pressure sensor -- and there is the SOUND of an engine starting, cranking up something from the floor --

BOND

knows this can't be good news -- he flashes the light down --

AT THE SHAFT'S BOTTOM - A PLEXIGLASS CYLINDER

with dimensions that match the shaft -- there's maybe an inch clearance on each side -- slowly moves upward -- as it does -- twin nozzles hidden among the floor's junk **spray a yellow gas into the cylinder, keeping pace with the cylinder's rise** --

-- caught, the rat SQUEALS in agony, not understanding why it can't go through the clear plexiglass as it dies --

CLOSE ON BOND

who understands far too well as the SQUEAL abruptly ends --

IN TREVELYAN'S LIMO - TREVELYAN

serenely contemplates what's happening now --

TREVELYAN
It's a deriviative of Serin.
(as if wondering what the sensation is like)
When it makes contact with the skin -- the nervous system tears itself apart. Every time I've seen it used, it took about four minutes.
(beat)
A very, very long four minutes.

BACK IN THE SHAFT - BOND

shines the penlight up over him -- at the top of the shaft, there is a now-obvious groove where the cylinder seals -- definitely not a way out --

VIEW DOWN SHAFT - OVER BOND AND APPROACHING CYLINDER

The cylinder -- and pumping gas -- are halfway up -- Bond goes back to work on the door with the acid-pen -- the "door" still needs one side finished, and the acid SIZZLES at what now seems a glacial speed -- finally --

-- Bond completes tracing the "door" -- he braces his feet against the beams and SHOVES --

-- and **nothing happens** -- it **doesn't open** -- Bond desperately THROWS himself against the door -- again to **no effect** --

INSIDE THE SUPPLY ROOM - **TWO HUGE FILING CABINETS**

block Bond's entrance -- there is a mountain of other junk jammed against those -- we can just hear the SOUND of

BOND DESPERATELY **SLAMMING AGAINST THE DOOR**

-- but it's not moving, not even an centimenter -- however --

THE CYLINDER

is still moving up at a steady pace -- the nerve gas swirling around it, just below the lip of the cylinder --

ANGLE ON BOND FROM TOP OF SHAFT

The cylinder is now ten feet below Bond -- truly desperate now, Bond **leaps up to the top of the shaft and grabs a rotting top beam** -- Bond swings from it -- and YANKS down on it --

-- the beam **breaks loose -- clutching it, Bond falls twenty feet toward the cylinder** --

AT THE LIP OF THE CYLINDER - BOND'S FEET

land uncertainly on the edge -- the gas swirling inches beneath him -- but --

BOND

gets his footing -- and plants one end of the four foot length of timber **against the edge of the rising cylinder**, and the other diagonally **against the cut door** -- the cylinder's upward motion starts to SHOVE the door open --

INSIDE THE STORAGE ROOM - THE FILING CABINETS

start to **move** -- slowly, almost imperceptibly --

IN THE SHAFT - BOND

THROWS his own weight against the beam and the door as the cylinder PUSHES up -- the cylinder's engine GROANS with this new strain --

THE CYLINDER'S EDGE

notably **slows** its progress up -- which does Bond more harm than good, because the **gas is still swirling up on its own -- it's now almost reached his feet** -- finally ---

IN THE SUPPLY ROOM - THE FILING CABINETS

move further -- SCRAPING a few inches across the floor, blocked by the other junk --

IN THE SHAFT - **BOND PUSHES THE DOOR OPEN**

and widens the crack another inch -- just enough to squeeze through -- Bond **climbs through the crack into** --

THE SUPPLY ROOM - BOND

just gets his feet out as the gas and cylinder rise past in the shaft -- the loose beam TUMBLING down into the cylinder --

Bond shoves his way past the junk and leans against the wall, shaken. He takes a deep breath of the dusty air in the supply room. The easy part is over.

Bond takes off his outer jacket -- revealing he's wearing an immaculate black jacket and tie underneath. Looking more like a high-ranking KGB official than a spy crawling out of a hole, Bond heads for the door.

INT. LUBYANKA INTERNAL SECURITY ROOM - DAY

Several RUSSIAN TECHNICIANS monitor the security console for the Lubyanka compound -- at least a dozen television monitors crowd the console, along with radios, telephones, and a central computer schematic of the entire compound. There's also a flashing red light -- as a technician picks up a phone --

-- we notice one monitor which, unlike the others, has a **fast moving** rather than stationary point of view, controlled by a technician who's working a joystick -- we follow that POV to --

INT/EXT. **LUBYANKA COURTYARD** - DAY - **A MINI-HELICOPTER**

that's about four feet across takes us through, and high above, the spacious compound area -- it's equipped with an eternally panning **surveillance camera** -- and a pair of **machine guns** mounted under each skid.

LOWER IN THE COMPOUND - BOND

has emerged from the building and moves into the courtyard, trying to blend in with a crowd of Russians going into work -- they generally look like any other crowd of people heading into a huge office, making for a pretty surreal sight as no one takes notice of the surveillance helicopter -- to them, it's routine.

Bond is at first astonished by the mini-helicopter -- but forces himself not to look up at it as he heads across the courtyard -- he looks back at --

THE ENTRANCE TO THE LUBYANKA COMPOUND

as the doors swing open -- moving past the third door and coming into the courtyard is Xenia --

BOND

opts not to confront her -- in his position, the least it would earn him is a jail cell. Maybe a bullet. He moves toward --

THE TOWER

which is built at the end of the courtyard and nestled inside the rear corner of one of the outer compound buildings. In contrast to the outer compound -- which is a pair of buildings that are between fifty and seventy years old -- the tower is clearly a newer, high-tech building. It's nine stories high -- and electronic dishes ring its roof. Several covered corridors bridge the small gap between the tower and the older building it is nearest to.

Bond reaches the tower's entrance -- and walks --

INSIDE THE TOWER'S LOBBY

which is a huge lair of black marble -- there is a central elevator, a pair of staircases on either side, and enough foot traffic to make this look like a major office building first thing in the morning. Bond walks across toward the elevator -- it touches down in the lobby --

-- and **Pushkin** exits, angrily giving an AIDE some commands in RUSSIAN -- the aide hurries to carry them out --

-- Bond pivots as inconspicuously as possible toward the stairs -- he briskly walks up past a large window -- where the **helicopter** hovers -- its camera seems to **track** Bond as he moves up -- meanwhile --

IN THE COURTYARD - XENIA

walks toward the tower, but is intercepted by a young KGB AGENT who's obviously anxious to make points with Xenia. (Again: bold sentences in dialogue indicate **subtitled Russian**.)

KGB AGENT
Xenia -- Internal Security's reported there's an intruder caught in the west trap --
(smiles)
-- want to have a look?

XENIA
It's so gruesome --
(considers, smiles)
-- well -- all right.

As the agent leads Xenia off --

IN THE TOWER - BOND

is at the top level -- and eying his next problem --

BOND'S POV - **AN ARMORED GLASS DOUBLE-DOOR CAGE**

is the entrance he has to get past -- the first door is operated by a magnetic key card with a slot at waist level. The second is opened by a DESK ATTENDANT with a full view of the cage, who is LAUGHING his way through a telephone conversation.

BOND

walks up as nonchalantly as possible -- and takes out the dayplanner --

-- when he reaches the door, Bond presses the dayplanner against the slot -- a card EXTENDS into it -- it runs keycode combination possibilities, finding the right one in three seconds --

-- the door OPENS -- and Bond steps into --

THE PLEXIGLASS TRAP

as the door SEALS shut behind him. The attendant, still on the phone, hasn't noticed Bond -- so Bond **makes** himself noticed --

BOND
(kicks door, angry)
Octrivahtsah! Ceychass!

The attendant is startled by the kick -- and Bond's tone -- he rapidly hits the BUZZER that opens the door. Bond stalks to the desk, as imperious and furious as a KGB general, yanks the phone from the attendant's hand and forcibly hangs it up.

BOND
(in his face)
Razbudeet urkhny!

The attendant tries to look apologetic as Bond walks away -- as soon as Bond is out of view --

ATTENDANT
(mutters to himself)
Veb vas --

BOND MOVES INTO A CORRIDOR

that's long and sealed -- at the end of this stretch, Bond arrives at --

THE LUBYANKA'S FILE ROOM

which is as dark, dusty and enormous -- it is jam-packed with the most important information the KGB keeps on file.

The room is tri-levelled -- each level provides its own labyrinth of shelves packed with binder. The floors are built out of cheap, translucent lucite -- it's possible to see the shape of office workers walking around the levels above. There are some fragile looking stairs -- and a central cage elevator.

BOND'S FACE

looks daunted. Breaking in is one thing. Finding the right file here is clearly going to be something else. Meanwhile --

ELSEWHERE IN THE COMPOUND - XENIA

stands next to the KGB agent, waiting, smiling expectantly -- the agent thinks she's starting to like him --

KGB AGENT
The gas is completely pumped out now --

With a BUZZ, we hear a door start to SLIDE open --

XENIA'S POV - ON THE SLIDING DOOR

As it opens in front of four INTERNAL SECURITY GUARDS, crouched in firing position -- we see the bottom level of the shaft Bond escaped from. There is no trace of the yellow gas -- and the cylinder lowers completely into the ground --

-- revealing nothing at the bottom but the broken beam.

ON XENIA AND THE KGB AGENT

who are both disappointed -- in different degrees --

KGB AGENT
Just a false alarm -- that beam must have set it off.

Xenia quickly stalks out -- leaving behind the agent -- as --

IN THE LUBYANKA FILE ROOM - ON THE THIRD LEVEL

Bond is pointed down a tall, claustrophobic corridor of files by a young female FILE CLERK -- as Bond walks away from her --

BOND
Spasseba.

She shyly hands him a note -- obviously with her number on it -- and goes back to work, pushing a cart with five huge file boxes balanced precariously on it.

Bond goes to work on the shelves, which are filled with binders. Finding the right one, Bond pulls it down -- but it's too light. He opens it --

-- the binder is empty. Bond's thumb riffles the inside -- the pages have been razored out.

Bond replaces the useless binder -- but tries another on the shelf. This one has pages of personnel dossiers for the space directorate. One page has a photo, and information, on Razhnov.

Bond quietly clears an area on the shelf -- and takes out the dayplanner again. This time a cover on the bottom opens, revealing a rectangular camera lens.

Bond uses the keyboard to zero in on the page -- and the computer's screen to focus -- as --

IN ANOTHER LEVEL - THE FEMALE FILE CLERK

we saw a moment ago wheels the very heavily laden cart down a hallway and into the spacious office of --

PUSHKIN

who is seated at a desk -- the clerk brings the cart up --

FILE CLERK
As you requested, General --

Pushkin gets up -- and takes the lid off one of the boxes --

FILE CLERK
-- the complete dossier on British agent James Bond.

Atop the open box, stapled to a file, is a very clear **eight by ten photo of Bond** -- the file clerk glances down at it, her eyes WIDENING with recognition -- as --

AT THE PLEXIGLASS TRAP - XENIA

bursts through the second door -- the attendant is excited and afraid as he hangs up the phone --

ATTENDANT
There is an intruder in the file room --

XENIA
(intense)
Send for internal security --

Xenia takes a gigantic automatic pistol out of her bag without breaking stride -- most men couldn't hold this with two hands but she easily grips it with one -- she chambers a round with a distinct CLICK as she heads toward the file room -- meanwhile --

IN THE FILE ROOM - BOND

is turning pages and RECORDING information as quickly as possible -- we see the faces of the scientists who have been assassinated fly by -- until Bond reaches the page with --

-- Marina's photograph and dossier information.

BOND

reacts to this -- but there's no time to reflect on it. He shuts the binder and replaces it -- and as Bond hits a key on the dayplanner, we see the phrase **"ENCRYPTION COMMENCING"** flashing on screen -- the image of Marina's dossier, and presumably everything else Bond has recorded, turns to a sea of computer gibberish --

Bond quickly moves toward the elevator -- when he gets there --

IN THE ELEVATOR - **XENIA**

is coming up -- she sees Bond -- and STARTS FIRING UP through the cage -- she's almost to the top and can fire between the bars of the cage --

BOND RUNS

as the bullets IMPACT around him, kicking up dust -- instead of heading away from the elevator he runs past the front of it --

-- and rips opens the top cage gate as he runs past, breaking the electrical circuit -- the elevator stops --

Xenia, who is momentarily trapped, FIRES the rest of the clip in vain as Bond runs out of range -- but below him --

BOND'S POV - **THE INTERNAL SECURITY GUARDS**

are running into the main entrance of the file room -- the commander looks up and sees Bond --

BOND

runs back along the top corridor -- stops by a window -- and takes out the dayplanner -- the screen reads, **"ENCRYPTION COMPLETED"**. Bond pulls up a **"TRANSMIT"** menu and chooses **"STATION MOSCOW"** from a long list -- as it's activated --

IN THE INTERNAL SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - A LIGHT

starts to flash on the computer schematic of the building --

TECHNICIAN
He's trying to transmit out of the compound --

TECHNICIAN #2
So -- use it to track him --

The second technician, working the helicopter joystick, flies it up and does exactly that --

BOND

stands by the window -- the screen on the dayplanner is flashing **"TRANSMITTING"** -- as --

-- the smoked glass window he's in front of **is SHATTERED by machine gun fire** from the mini-helicopter, hovering there --

-- Bond dives away from the flying glass and bullets -- and runs behind a row of shelves, BULLETS SHREDDING PAPER behind him as he goes --

IN THE LEVEL BENEATH BOND - THE INTERNAL SECURITY GUARDS

see the shape of Bond moving above through the translucent floor -- the commander runs to track with him, YELLING for his men to follow him --

CLOSE ON BOND

who's running like hell through the file corridor -- looking for a way out -- as he moves we see --

OUTSIDE THE BUILDING - **THE MINI-HELICOPTER**

is tracking in the same direction --

IN THE INTERNAL SECURITY COMPOUND - THE TECHNICIAN

is using the transmission signal to guide the helicopter, as gleeful as if this were a video game -- on the schematic of the building, a flashing red light is moving --

CLOSE ON BOND

running through the labyrinthine stacks -- he's coming up on a cul-de-sac --

IN THE INTERNAL SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - A TECHNICIAN

watches as the red light moves toward the end --

TECHNICIAN
(into radio)
He's cornered as soon as he reaches the end of that hallway --

IN THE FILE ROOM'S LOWER LEVEL - THE COMMANDER

is running under Bond's moving shape -- and MOTIONS his men to run ahead and take position under the ceiling to **fire up** --

OUTSIDE THE BUILDING - THE MINI-HELICOPTER

moves ahead too -- there's a window at this position -- so it **HOVERS** there -- the camera and machine guns PIVOT around in preparation to fire --

IN THE FILE ROOM'S LOWER LEVEL - THE INTERNAL SECURITY GUARDS

get into firing position -- and the shape above them abruptly stops -- and all of them **OPEN FIRE** with a devastating four-way **FUSILLADE** through the ceiling that continues as --

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW - THE MINI-HELICOPTER

also BLAZES machine gun fire through the window -- but -- the mini-helicopter's CAMERA ZOOMS through the shattered window --

IN INTERNAL SECURITY COMPOUND - **MONITOR POV**

The "shape" the guards were chasing is a **file cart** -- which has **Bond's dayplanner** open on it -- as bullets from below FLY everywhere, knocking clouds of dust off the shelves and files, we hear a small BEEP under the deafening GUNSHOTS --

-- the **monitor POV ZOOMS IN** close enough to read the **dayplanner's screen** as the command reads **"TRANSMISSION COMPLETED"** -- and is replaced by **"SELF DESTRUCTION"** --

-- **"INITIATED"** --

OUTSIDE THE BUILDING - **THE EXPLOSION**

takes out an entire corner of this floor of the Lubyanka compound -- the BLAST sears the helicopter, knocking it back and out of control -- just as --

IN THE LOWER LEVEL - THE INTERNAL SECURITY GUARDS

scatter as the roof falls in and a cascade of flaming binders and shelving collapses on them -- meanwhile --

BOND

is at the opposite end of the chaos, where the helicopter first shot out a window -- obviously, he doubled back after putting the dayplanner on the cart.

Bond moves to the window's narrow ledge -- and jumps above --

IN THE INTERNAL SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - A TECHNICIAN

is looking desperately at the monitors and sensors --

TECHNICIAN
Where is he?

The other technician taps him on the shoulder -- and points out the window, for an excellent view of Bond climbing onto the roof --

ON THE ROOF OF THE BUILDING - BOND

sprints across to get to the front of the compound -- as --

GUARDS ON THE OPPOSITE CORNER OF THE ROOF

spot Bond -- and start firing at him --

-- but as Bond keeps running, he goes past an array of communications antennas and dishes -- the bullets TEAR them to pieces as they momentarily shield Bond --

-- Bond reaches the end of the line -- and --

AT THE ROOF'S EDGE - BOND

stops and looks down --

BOND'S POV - "WORLD OF CHILDREN"

is across the street -- there's a rat trap screen, three stories up, that runs the length of the building -- it might be able to hold him --

BOND

guesses the odds of surviving a jump that's twenty feet across and sixty feet down, into a very uncertain net -- behind him --

THE INTERNAL SECURITY GUARDS

are bolstered as several more show up through a roof entrance, led by the commander -- all point their weapons at Bond --

BOND

turns -- there's no other way -- he prepares to **jump** -- but --

-- **the mini-helicopter** rises over the roof's ledge -- it's carbonized from the explosion, but still extremely operational -- the camera, and the twin machine guns, **track toward Bond as it rises up** -- Bond looks back to

THE OTHER END OF THE ROOF - XENIA

emerges behind the internal security guards -- and pulls out her automatic --

XENIA
Shoot to kill --
(commander hesitates)
To kill, commander --

The commander gives the order -- the men FIRE across the roof at Bond --

BOND LEAPS FROM THE LEDGE

directly up toward the skids of the mini-helicopter -- which also FIRES at Bond, but he's below the line of fire --

-- Bond grabs the skids of the helicopter and hangs on -- the force of Bond's leap TWISTS the copter around --

-- the mini-helicopter's GUNFIRE forces the guards on the roof to scatter -- and --

IN THE INTERNAL SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - THE WINDOW

is shattered by the GUNFIRE -- the technicians dive under the console and grope up to turn off the machine guns --

BOND GRIPPING THE SKIDS OF THE HELICOPTER

The helicopter is now facing the street -- the force of Bond's weight, which is far more than the copter was meant to hold, has it diving directly down the street --

XENIA

won't give up -- she runs across the roof, FIRING her automatic down at Bond, some of the bullets SPARKING off the blade --

BOND ON HELICOPTER - EIGHTY FEET UP

Bond is heading straight down the street that leads to the Kremlin, eight stories over the traffic and dropping fast -- but by extending his legs to direct his weight and by pulling on the skids, he steers the copter like an awkward hang glider --

XENIA

empties the clip at Bond to no effect -- and hits her radio --

XENIA
Cut off the helicopter's power --

IN THE INTERNAL SECURITY CONSOLE

The technician throws a switch that shuts off the engine -

BOND ON THE HELICOPTER

is still five stories up when the engine's WHIRRING is silenced -- the rotor **completely STOPS** and the helicopter goes **dead** --

-- Bond, still clutching the skids, **starts to fall straight down** --

-- but the rotor **reverses direction** and goes into **autorotation** from the drag of the fall -- it **slows** Bond just enough for a relatively smooth landing --

BOND TOUCHES DOWN ON A MOVING STREETCAR

tracking down the street, past the Kremlin and toward the Moskva River -- Bond gets his footing on the streetcar's roof as the helicopter lands in a heap next to him --

THE HELICOPTER'S CAMERA LENS

WHIRRS and pans toward Bond -- along with the machine guns --

THE INTERNAL SECURITY CONSOLE - MONITOR POV - BOND

is reaching under the helicopter --

BOND
Das vadanya --

The image shorts out to a field of electronic snow -- as --

BOND AND HELICOPTER ON TOP OF STREETCAR

Bond has taken the machine guns that were to fire at him -- and aimed them at the camera and the body of the helicopter, both of which EXPLODE in a SHOWER of SPARKS --

OVER XENIA'S SHOULDER - ON LUBYANKA ROOFTOP

She and we watch Bond kick the helicopter off the streetcar -- it plunges into the Moskva River as the streetcar passes the Kremlin. Bond leaps off the roof -- and runs down the street to momentary safety as we --

CUT TO:

INT. NEAR GORKY PARK - CHESS CAFE - DAY

This dark, dusty establishment is devoted to two things: drinking thick Russian coffee and playing chess. There are several dozen players inside, mostly old men, contemplating each other's moves. There's little conversation -- what can be heard here is low and quiet. At one table --

-- Romaly is alone -- but this hasn't stopped him from playing a game of chess anyway. He moves a black piece -- and turns the board around. After a moment -- he moves a white piece -- as --

BOND ARRIVES

and sits down. As they speak, they keep their voices low --

ROMALY
Your move.

BOND
(eyes sparse black pieces)
You haven't left me much.

After looking at the board for five seconds -- Bond decisively moves a bishop up --

ROMALY
You're in an unwinnable position, James -- I've been replaying the 1962 game in which grandmaster Botvinnik was defeated by Petrosian.
(makes move)
I know I said you should wait until morning to provoke the opposition -- but blowing large holes in the Lubyanka is not what I had in mind.
(beat)
M is furious. You understand that London has had to tell the Russian government you've gone rogue. We're going to have to get you out of the country, in secret, as quickly as possible.

Bond makes a simple pawn move --

BOND
Did you receive my transmission?

ROMALY
Yes. I checked on the scientists personally. All eight of them worked in high positions at the Soviet weapons research complex -- Arzamas Sixteen. And all eight have died in the last week -- in apparent "accidents" the Russians must have engineered.
(makes move)
All but one.

Bond moves a piece up -- and tries to conceal his interest --

BOND
The woman? Marina Varoskaya?

Romaly moves again -- claiming the piece Bond just moved -- and shakes his head. Bond tries to hide a flash of disappointment.

ROMALY
A gas explosion.
(beat)
The only survivor is Alexei Makvenio. He's overseeing the destruction of the nuclear warheads in Kazakhstan.
(beat)
Do you think that's why the Russians let him live?

BOND
This isn't a Russian operation, Romaly. Pushkin had no idea the assassinations were taking place. Someone's playing us and the Russians off against each other.

ROMALY
Such as --?

BOND
(considers board)
The woman who led me into the Lubyanka used to work for Trevelyan. Perhaps she still does.
(makes move)
Trevelyan said he was looking for a new game. I think this is it.

Romaly -- who was moving his pieces by rote -- now seems thrown -- Bond's pieces have surrounded his king --

ROMALY
That's a very broad leap, James --
(finally makes move)
-- it is a bad idea to let hatred rule your judgement.

BOND
I'll need some documentation, Romaly. Before I leave Russia -- I have to make a side trip to Kazakhstan.

Bond makes a final, decisive move -- Romaly looks all over the board for an answer that isn't there --

BOND
If it is Trevelyan -- and it's a game he wants -- he's going to get one.
(confirms obvious)
Mate.

CUT TO:

EXT. **KAZAKHSTAN** - GEGELEN HILLS - DAWN

With the desert behind, and the mountains ahead, it's clear there's virtually no civilization in this part of the world, outside of the atomic testing installation in the hills. A single paved road leads along the desert up to one of the hills -- with a matching railroad track that runs parallel.

The track and the road part company when you reach one of these hills -- the track runs down to the hill's base and a freight entrance -- and the road runs up to a monitoring station that's on the hill's top. Access to both is barred by a young Russian guard name tagged ROSSKOVITCH manning a barricade.

Today there's interest in the area -- there are a lot of cars and trailers, camped out at the checkpoint. Microphones and satelites tell us they're the press, now swarming around a NATO SPOKESMAN, reading from a statement --

NATO SPOKESMAN
In two hours, Dr. Alexei Makvenio, of the Russian Defense Ministry, will detonate the nuclear device, which has a twenty kiloton yield, underground at a depth of thirteen hundred feet. It will effectively destroy three hundred warheads from the former Soviet arsenal. After that -- the testing site will be closed for good.
(a reporter shouts a question)
No -- there's no danger the blast can set off any of the warheads -- the explosive triggers are in the chamber, but they're not directly wired to the warheads --
(to another)
-- yes -- the site has been thoroughly inspected by a United Nations team to verify that the warheads are there --
(to another)
-- no -- the monitoring station will not be operated -- previous blasts have made the hillside slightly unstable --

As the expositionary din continues, we notice the dust of a four-wheel drive vehicle driving up the road --

AT THE WHEEL - **MARINA**

heads toward the barricade -- as she does, she yanks a "pull-out" car stereo from the dashboard -- puts it on the seat next to her -- and takes a screwdriver from the glove compartment --

AT THE BARRICADE - ROSSKOVITCH

signals for Marina to stop. She lowers her window --

ROSSKOVITCH
(bored)
No press allowed inside -- park there --

Marina officiously takes out an ID card with a younger picture of her on it -- her Arzamas Sixteen identification --

MARINA
(offended)
I am not "press" --
(motions to seat)
-- I am delivering the bomb's triggering circuitry.

Rosskovitch looks down at the seat -- the stereo, with its back removed, is a bewildering jumble of circuitry. Rosskovitch glances, in turn, at the "trigger", the ID card, and Marina's glowering, condescending expression as she lights a cigarette --

MARINA
Do you want to let me pass -- or do you want me to tell Dr. Makvenio that --
(reads name tag)
-- private Rosskovitch thinks a nuclear weapon should be exploded with a firecracker's fuse?

THE BAR ACROSS THE ROAD RISES

as Rosskovitch backs up in a cloud of cigarette smoke -- and Marina's car moves forward toward the main hill, and up to --

THE MONITORING STATION

which is a relatively simple, relatively small building that's on the hill's top. Near it is a no-frills cage elevator that looks like something you'd find in a mine.

Marina parks her car next to the only other vehicle -- takes a shoulder bag out of her car -- and gets into

THE ELEVATOR

We ride it down with her -- all the way down, to emphasize that we're going half a mile into the earth. At the bottom is --

THE NUCLEAR BLAST CHAMBER'S CORRIDOR

This central, circular part of the underground center is huge -- a gigantic cavern, surrounded by the seared remains of other tests in the closed shafts that spoke outward. A small rail system for handcars runs in from the side -- the only other way out of this place -- and an inch thick Corrtex cable hangs from a shaft drilled through the rock's ceiling, weighted by a massive seismic sensor.

Only one test shaft remains open -- test chamber twelve. Marina heads toward this shaft -- smiling with relief when she sees --

MARINA
Alexei!

AT THE SHAFT DOOR - ALEXEI

making last minute preparations for the blast, turns around, color draining from his face, as Marina runs up to him.

MARINA
Thank God you're still alive.

Meanwhile -- back at --

THE ROAD'S BARRICADE - BOND

drives up -- and rolls his window down for Rosskovitch --

ROSSKOVITCH
No press allowed inside -- turn around and park there --

Bond produces an authentic looking United Nations ID card for Rosskovitch to squint at.

BOND
I am not with the press -- I'm with the inspection team.

Rosskovitch motions toward the real inspection team, which is fielding questions from reporters.

ROSSKOVITCH
The site has been inspected already --

BOND
(haughty)
-- and my orders are to thoroughly inspect it again -- unless --
(reads name tag)
-- private Rosskovitch -- you'd like to tell the world press what the Russian government wants to hide from the United Nations.

Rosskovitch -- exasperated at this point -- raises the bar -- and Bond drives past, up to the monitoring station.

INSIDE THE TEST CHAMBER - MARINA AND ALEXEI

Marina is wrapping up an animated explanation. Alexei, for his part, is obviously rattled by Marina's presence, not the story.

MARINA
I checked, Alexei. Except for us, everyone who worked on the Tempest program at Arzamas Sixteen has been killed. They've tried to get me twice already.

ALEXEI
If this is true, Marina -- what can we do?

MARINA
There's only one thing we can do --

She pulls out a diskette from her shoulder bag -- which also contains her computer.

MARINA
There's are reporters out there from all over the world. I've reconstructed enough of the project data on this disk that you and I can convince them that the weapon exists. With disarmament going on, the government will have to shut Tempest down. It's the only way we'll both be safe.

Alexei pauses, and doesn't answer. Doubt -- and a little shame -- flicker across his face -- as --

-- from behind, Marina gets a devastating crack on the back of the head, and crumples to the ground, unconscious.

FROM OUT OF THE TEST CHAMBER - ILLYA

emerges with a machine gun, wearing a Russian military uniform and a satisfied expression. Alexei looks down, ashen, as Illya picks up the diskette.

ILLYA
Trevelyan was right --
(snaps disk in half)
-- she did want to protect her old mentor.

UP IN THE MONITORING STATION - BOND

walks into the trailer, where the monitoring equipment -- thermographic computers and the other end of the Corrtex cable, housed in a cylinder with a spool over it -- lays idle. On a chair in front of one of the consoles is a jacket -- and a briefcase. Bond opens the case and rifles through it.

Except for the fact that most of the documents are in Cyrillic, this looks pretty ordinary.

Bond's blank expression tells us there are no documents of importance here -- he shuts the case and puts it back where he found it. But as he does -- something grabs his attention --

BOND'S POV - ON THE HANDLE

of the case -- one end of it bulges in an unusual way.

Bond rips open the seam on the handle, revealing the core of the handle is a simple, **small ivory object** with a design carved into one end. Nothing high tech at all. But even though we have no idea what this thing is, Bond's expression reveals he knows exactly what it is -- and what it's for. Meanwhile --

DOWN IN TEST CHAMBER TWELVE - CLOSE ON MARINA'S LIMP BODY

being dropped by Illya into an empty, coffin-sized bomb casing cylinder. Illya CLANGS the cylinder shut --

ILLYA
Don't worry, Makvenio -- she's alive --

ALEXEI AND ILLYA - BY THE CYLINDER

Alexei looks sickened as Illya seals the cylinder shut with a locking pin -- Illya is amused at Alexei's squeamishness.

ILLYA
-- at least until your bomb goes off.

WIDE ON THE TEST CHAMBER ITSELF

We see the cylinder is on the handcart, halfway down the test shaft itself. The entrance from the main chamber is about seventy feet across -- the widest point. As it moves down a steep forty-five degree slope, the chamber narrows as it gets closer to the end, about seventy five yards down, where the chamber is only six inches across. Here is where the bomb -- and its timer -- is housed.

The chamber is also notably segmented into five zones, seperated by irising blast doors that are at least four inches thick and now open -- and a small cargo rail system runs down the center of it.

The other thing we notice about the chamber is that there are three hundred atomic warheads inside -- some casings eight feet long, some shorter, all neatly stacked horizontally, like cordwood, in the wider parts of the chamber, held back from tumbling down the chamber by a network of steel chains.

The chamber suddenly ECHOES with the GRIND of the elevator in the outer chamber as Alexei and Illya move the casing with Marina in with the other warheads. Illya glares at Alexei --

ILLYA
Expecting anyone else?

Alexei anxiously moves up to the main chamber --

IN THE MAIN CHAMBER - BOND

gets out of the elevator, in a smock and with a clipboard --

BOND
Dr. Makvenio?
(arrogant)
I've come to talk about your rather obvious attempt to misuse Russian military technology.

Alexei is all innocent surprise as he approaches Bond --

ALEXEI
To what are you referring? Doctor -- ?

IN THE TEST CHAMBER - ILLYA

is behind one of the warhead clusters -- he slams the bolt back on his machine gun --

BOND (O.S.)
Dr. Burton. I'm afraid you know perfectly well what I'm talking about, Dr. Makvenio.

BOND AND ALEXEI

head toward the chamber, Bond essentially bulldozing his way in, Alexei trailing behind.

BOND
The United Nations has learned that the Russian government plans to detonate a much larger nuclear device than approved -- so you can monitor the information for new weapons research.

They reach the inside of the chamber -- Alexei tries to steer him out, but this only persuades Bond to press on --

ALEXEI
That's ridiculous, Dr. Burton -- we have a Corrtex seismic measurement for verification purposes, as you see, but --
(points to computers)
-- the thermographic computers have been disconnected. We will receive no developmental data from the explosion.

Bond eyes the chamber with renewed interest as they move down --

BOND
-- and the blast doors, Makvenio?

ALEXEI
(concedes)
Well -- the chamber was designed for weapons research -- it just has not been used until now.

ALEXEI
The doors were meant to stifle the detonation at different levels.
(as they walk down)
The top zone would simulate a thirty mile distance from the blast -- relative safety -- this area simulates a ten mile distance -- total devastation -- and this zone would be three miles from the blast --

BOND
-- total incineration.

Bond's mask slips a notch as he considers --

BOND
You're simulating the effects of a nuclear blast at thirty miles -- in a conical chamber for a shaped detonation --
(it clicks into place)
-- which enhances the effect of an electromagnetic pulse. That principle transfers nicely into satelite weaponry, doesn't it, Doctor?
(drops act, draws gun)
Trevelyan must have paid you handsomely for it. Now let's have a talk with --

There is a SOUND behind Bond -- he whirls, but is too late -- Illya comes from behind one of the warhead casings and smashes the back of Bond's head with his machine gun.

Bond collapses to the ground, nearly unconscious -- Illya bends down and takes Bond's gun.

ILLYA
I don't want any more surprises, Makvenio. Set the bomb to go off early.

ALEXEI
But --

ILLYA
But what? The Russians will fire you? In two days you'll be able to buy half of Moscow. And your cover is already blown.
(motions with gun)
Move. Give us thirty minutes to get out.

As Alexei moves down to the bottom, where the bomb is housed in the wall -- Bond starts to stir. Illya is enjoying himself.

ILLYA
So this is James Bond. I can't say I'm impressed.

AT "GROUND ZERO" - ALEXEI

is at the bomb's control panel -- he runs a magnetic keycard through it, then enters a code combination into a keypad --

IN LEVEL TWO - BOND AND ALEXEI

Bond sits up -- looks at Illya --

BOND
Illya Borchenko, isn't it?
(he nods)
Haven't heard anything about you since you botched that Stasi job in Zagreb.
(rubbing it in)
Trevelyan must be hard up for help to put a cockup artist like you back to work.

This hits a nerve -- Illya savagely kicks Bond in the face, forcing him back --

ILLYA
You look pretty clever down there, Bond --
(steadies gun)
-- but in half an hour I'll be on my way to St. Petersburg -- and you'll be bleeding to death in the middle of ground zero --

Illya aims the machine gun down at Bond's legs --

CLOSE ON BOND'S HAND - AN IRON BAR

from the rail's handcart is a centimeter away -- Bond's grip closes around it --

BOND AND ILLYA - LEVEL TWO

As Illya aims down and pulls the trigger -- Bond swings the bar up against Illya's arm -- a BURST of machine gun fire goes wild, down the chamber's center --

TIGHT ON ALEXEI'S FACE

which clenches in a terminal expression -- some of the bullets have caught him in the back -- he collapses and sinks down -- **dead** --

CLOSE ON THE BOMB'S CONTROLS

which have been spattered with Alexei's blood -- as Alexei's hand slides off the keypad, we can see he wasn't able to enter the last zero in "30:00.00" -- the timer reads **3:00.00** as Alexei's hand slides off and hits an **initiator button** --

-- the timer **races down** from three minutes in one-hundredth second increments -- **2:59.00** -- **2:58:00** -- as --

FURTHER UP - BOND AND ILLYA

Bond slams Illya again with the bar, knocking him onto the handcart -- Bond swings the bar at the brake, and the cart runs down the rail -- Illya is on his back but still FIRES his machine gun up at Bond as the cart tracks down -- meanwhile --

INSIDE THE EMPTY CASING - MARINA

is awakened by the GUNFIRE -- she desperately starts banging on the inside of the casing, trying to get out -- as --

BOND

ducks behind the warhead casings -- Illya's BULLETS ricochet all over the warheads -- as Bond crosses up one level, sticking close to the warheads for cover, we see --

ONE OF THE WARHEADS SIZZLING AND SPARKING

where it was struck by gunfire -- there's no risk of a nuclear blast here, but these still have high explosive triggers --

BY A CHAIN BARRIER - BOND

runs up through the third level -- above the blast door, there is a flashing red Cyrillic warning -- and a timer reading **1:40.00** -- **1:39.00** --

-- Bond realizes he has to get out of there fast -- and starts to run up the rest of the way -- but hears a banging in one of the warhead groupings --

-- Bond pauses, trying to figure out which cylinder it's coming from -- when he finds the right one, which is standing upright, and pulls a release pin, he looks in, astonished and pleased --

BOND
You're alive --

THE CASING OPENS - MARINA

is inside -- and recognizes Bond -- frightened as she is, she actually looks more angry --

MARINA
(with hatred)
Keep trying -- ty negodiay --

Marina grabs the top of the casing -- and bracing against it, she give Bond a powerful kick in the stomach --

BOND

wasn't quite expecting this -- he reels back toward the rail line of the chamber --

-- and subsequently into Illya's line of fire -- BULLETS stitch around the concrete and the warheads --

ILLYA

is running up the slanted path, a level down from Bond --

BOND

dives back into the opposite warhead grouping for cover --

ON BOMB'S COUNTDOWN CLOCK

-- **0:50.00** -- **0:49.00** -- meanwhile --

MARINA

weaves up and through the maze of warhead groupings -- and runs out of the top level, to safety -- as she runs out, she hits a button on a top level control panel -- and --

THE FIRST BLAST DOOR

at the chamber's bottom **irises shut** in front of the bomb --

BEHIND THE OPPOSITE GROUP OF WARHEADS - LEVEL THREE - BOND

is pinned as Illya comes up -- there's nowhere for him to go, up or down -- the warheads are too densely packed here --

BOND'S POV -- THROUGH WARHEAD CASINGS - ILLYA

is moving up to a position where he can shoot Bond -- as --

ON LEVEL TWO - THE SECOND BLAST DOOR

irises shut with an irreversible CLANG, easily crushing the handcart that was lying in its path, as if it were made of cardboard instead of steel -- as --

ILLYA'S POV - THROUGH WARHEAD CASINGS - BOND

is visible --

ON LEVEL THREE - ILLYA

smiles and prepares to shoot Bond -- but just above them --

ON LEVEL FOUR - THE WARHEAD

that was SPARKING actually ignites an electrical fire -- the high explosive trigger **detonates** --

-- the explosion SNAPS the chain that holds the warheads' cylinders in place -- the warheads **roll loose in an** avalanche, breaking the chain of the grouping opposite them --

-- over a hundred nuclear warheads cascade down toward the third level --

ON LEVEL THREE - BOND

lunges out at Illya, knocking him back and away as the warheads roll down, their impact SNAPPING the chains that hold this level's warheads -- as Bond struggles with Illya we see --

THE BOMB'S TIMER

races down -- **0:25.00** -- **0:24.00** --

ON LEVEL THREE - BOND AND ILLYA

-- Bond slams Illya back and away as, above them, the third blast door -- the only avenue of escape -- starts to iris shut -- Bond runs up toward it --

-- Illya is stuck on the rolling tide of missiles moving down -- but he still FIRES up at Bond --

-- bullets SPARK against the missiles that roll past Bond, more SHOTS impact on the closing blast door -- he's running like hell but he's not even close to --

THE THIRD BLAST DOOR

which knocks away some rolling warheads as it closes -- it momentarily jams on one of the casings -- just as the door GRINDS, shoving the casing loose, closing in --

-- **Bond dives through the hole** and to the other side -- BULLETS still streaking past him as he dives --

ON LEVEL FOUR - BOND

hits the floor in a roll, getting out of the way of a falling warhead casing that BOOMS to the concrete, nearly crushing him -- he gets his footing and continues to run up the slanting floor, serpentining and dodging around the rolling missiles -- which is suddenly made more difficult as all the pyrotechnics in here have the lights winking out --

BOND'S POV - THE FOURTH BLAST DOOR

is irising to a close -- and **the timer mounted above it** is finishing too -- **0:05.00 -- 0:04.00 -- 0:03.00** --

ON BOND RACING UP THE SLANTED FLOOR

Bond pours it on -- the gap is just under manhole size as --

BOND DIVES THROUGH THE BLAST DOOR HEAD FIRST

as it CLANGS shut right after him -- instead of bracing to land, Bond cups his hands on his ears -- before he hits the floor --

THE BOMB'S TIMER

hits **0:00.00** -- the screen fills with a BLINDING explosion --

NUCLEAR EXPLOSION POV - THE BLAST

tears through the first two doors in an almost unimaginable fury of flame --

-- Illya has a tenth of a second to react to the SOUND of the doors being torn apart -- before he can complete his turn or start his scream, **Illya's gun melts as he's vaporized against the third blast wall** -- and it too is **demolished** --

IN LEVEL FIVE - BOND

is still rolling from his leap, the ground shaking under him, his hands over his ears from the DEAFENING blast -- he stares at the outer blast door --

-- there is a SIZZLING, molten sound from inside the chamber -- the other side of the door is probably slag -- but it's held.

Bond staggers out into the central chamber -- as

OUTSIDE THE HILL - MARINA

completes her run, stumbling out of the hill's freight entrance. She's safe -- but the ground is still shaking --

BOND

can feel it too as he moves out into the central chamber -- and finds he's not out of it yet -- he looks up --

BOND'S POV - THE CENTRAL CHAMBER'S CEILING IS **CAVING IN**

from the blast -- rocks are shearing off everywhere --

-- Bond looks to the elevator -- it crumples under the weight of a cave-in --

-- Bond turns to the freight entrance -- but the tunnel to the rail line also **collapses from underneath** -- the **floor** of the chamber is opening too in **a web of widening fissures** --

BOND

looks around, desperately -- there's no way out -- but his eyes lock in one direction -- and

BOND RUNS ACROSS THE CHAMBER

as the ceiling literally falls in around him and the floor opens up underneath him -- one fissure is opening behind Bond's heels as he reaches the Corrtex seismic cable and jumps on top of the sensor's weight, grabbing the cable with one hand and pulling the connecting pin under his feet with another -- the weight drops off into the splitting floor -- as --

-- Bond hangs on to the cable, standing on the small disk that anchored the cable to the weight as the release of the weight's tension sends the cable reeling back to its spool --

BOND'S POV - THE CABLE

is swinging dangerously as it shoots up toward the rock ceiling above -- as rocks continue to fall around him, the cable is drawn into the metal pipe --

-- the inside of the pipe's shaft rushes past Bond -- the only light in here is the violent SPARKING of the disk scraping against the inside of the pipe -- until finally -- there's a crack of light at the top of the shaft --

BOND ON THE CABLE

Bond braces as the cable roughly brakes and comes to a halt at the top --

INSIDE THE MONITORING STATION ON THE HILLTOP - BOND

kicks open the door that houses the Corrtex cable -- and starts out -- but the last thing he sees as he moves out is --

BOND'S POV - THE RIFLE BUTT OF ROSSKOVITCH

dropping like a drill press against Bond's forehead -- and we drop to --

BLACK SCREEN - THE HIGH-PITCHED WHINE OF A BUZZSAW

This annoying sound brings us back to --

BOND'S POV - OUT HELICOPTER DOOR - THE URAL MOUNTAINS

are below -- beneath one of the mountains is a forest that's being assualted by a logging camp at the base of a river, complete with a timber mill and a small helicopter wielding a dangling, twelve foot rack of circular saws.

BOND

groggy, wakes up -- something dark etched into his face shows he recognizes this spot. Bond is in a troop transport helicopter in flight, his hands cuffed through a bar over his head. Ahead in the cockpit, a PILOT radios something in Russian -- we can't tell what's being said, but we do catch the word "Pushkin".

Sitting on a bench opposite Bond is Rosskovitch, whose scowl tells us he was chewed out for letting Bond through. Next to Bond is another Russian guard -- and sitting on the other side of the guard is Marina, also cuffed, and now glaring at Bond.

MARINA
(with hatred)
How many did you kill?

BOND
I didn't kill any of them, Marina.
Listen to me -- you're still in danger.
The control to Tempest has been stolen
from the Russians --

Rosskovitch gives Bond a warning kick, to shut him up --

ROSSKOVITCH
Zatkneis --

BOND
I don't think the Russians know how to deactivate it -- and the Americans don't even know it exists --

Marina is rightly skeptical of Bond --

MARINA
Why should I believe you?

The other Russian guard turns to Marina--

GUARD
(threatening)
Nyet! Zatkneis! --

Bond is frustrated -- he knows there's no reason she should trust him, but he has to convince her --

BOND
Believe anything you like -- but I just heard them send for General Pushkin. They're taking us to a safehouse for interrogation. Whatever happens, tell them how to shut the damned thing down --

The guard points a rifle threateningly in Marina's face -- Bond kicks it away -- and the guard savagely slams Bond's head with his rifle.

Marina weighs Bond's words -- as the helicopter reaches --

THE MOUNTAIN'S SUMMIT - A HUGE COUNTRY HOUSE

that's three stories high is on the snowy mountaintop, surrounded by a forest that runs down the mountainside. Near the house is a frozen lake that is thawing -- the steep river that flows down from the lake is fed from this -- a chunk of ice breaks away from the lake and smashes down the rapids, as the helicopter touches down and is surrounded by RUSSIAN GUARDS.

BOND

tumbles back into unconsciousness -- as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

VIEW OF MOUNTAIN AND COUNTRY HOUSE - LOW POV - NIGHT

Something is off-kilter here -- this is the same mountain and country house, but we can see this isn't the present, because it's a different season -- there's no snow, no ice. The POV of the house, lit up from inside, is from behind several trees -- it belongs to

A YOUNGER BOND

who is in a camoflage outfit, armed with a sniper's rifle and commando gear -- there are two other agents with him -- 003, a man, and 005, a woman -- but it's clear that Bond is in charge.

He signals for them to wait -- as he raises his binoculars --

BINOCULAR POV OF HOUSE - THROUGH A PICTURE WINDOW

Trevelyan -- also looking younger -- is inside a salon that looks pretty comfortable, except for the fact that he's surrounded by armed Russians -- and hooked up to a polygraph. Trevelyan looks nervous --

BOND

lowers the binoculars -- and gestures for the others to approach the house at different angles --

WIDER ANGLE ON THE FOREST

as Bond and the other Double-Ohs move up through the treeline, staying low to the ground --

-- we move back to Bond -- who is creeping along another group of wild strawberry bushes -- his eyes fixed on --

BOND'S POV - THE HOUSE'S SALON WINDOW

Trevelyan is removed from the polygraph's wiring -- and is roughly shoved out of the room by the Russian guards --

BOND

fixes his position low on a ridge -- and readies his sniper rifle, waiting -- as he does, he nonchalantly picks one of the strawberries and pops it in his mouth --

003 AND 005

move up too -- belly-crawling seperately through a flat, wide patch of strawberries --

AT THE HOUSE'S DOOR - TREVELYAN

is handcuffed and accompanied by two guards -- who shove him toward a transport truck, to be taken elsewhere --

BOND

fixes his eye on the scope -- his finger on the trigger --

NIGHTSCOPE POV - THE CROSSHAIRS

are on **Trevelyan** as he's moved through -- he and the Russian guards are right next to the truck --

CLOSE ON **BOND'S FACE**

as he hesitates -- his finger frozen on the trigger -- he makes a decision --

NIGHTSCOPE POV - THE CROSSHAIRS

shift from Trevelyan to one of the Russian guards -- Bond fires and the guard falls -- the crosshairs move rapidly to the other Russian guard, who Bond also kills --

-- leaving Trevelyan standing, frozen --

BOND

lowers the rifle -- knows there's only seconds -- and takes out a flashlight -- he flashes it twice at Trevelyan --

TREVELYAN'S FACE

is briefly illuminated by the light -- he bends down and takes a gun from one of the guards -- he starts running forward --

-- but he stops at the truck's cab -- he reaches in and **turns on the headlights, which are aimed directly at** --

BOND'S POSITION

which is completely illuminated -- as is his astonished look of betrayal --

-- other Russian guards fire at Bond -- Bond dives back under the ridge as it's chewed by machine gun fire --

WIDE ON ENTIRE AREA AS FLOODLIGHTS ILLUMINATE THE FOREST

leaving 003 and 005 totally exposed and surrounded --

TREVELYAN

takes the machine gun, and **fires at 003 and 005** --

003 AND 005

are **cut to pieces by the machine gun fire** -- both fall dead in their tracks in the strawberry field --

BOND

is driven back, surrounded by gunfire from the guards -- he's forced to run through the forest to a position of safety -- from behind a tree, he takes his binoculars and looks up --

BINOCULAR POV - TREVELYAN AND A RUSSIAN GENERAL

seem pretty chummy as the General takes off Trevelyan's handcuffs --

BOND

lowers the binoculars -- revealing that the shock of betrayal has given way to hatred.

Bond runs down and into the night, as the CRACK of a gunshot just misses Bond, filling the screen with blinding LIGHT --

SMASH CUT TO:

A CEILING PAINTING - A GROUP OF RUSSIAN NOBLES

are dancing around what appears to be a realistic balcony --

IN A GUEST ROOM - BOND

wakes up abruptly, where he's been dumped in a chair, his hands cuffed around a short marble column near a window. It's mid-afternoon. The room is a nicely furnished part of this Russian safehouse. Obviously it's meant to hold the better class of prisoner -- but it is, unmistakably, a prison.

Bond looks around, shaking off the past and moving into the present. He is more or less comfortably seated in the chair, but cuffed to the column, he is immobile. He's right next to a picture window -- but the flecks of metal in the glass tell us this is armored glass. Bond looks out the window -- there's a second-story view of --

THE FROZEN LAKE

And at the opposite end of the lake -- a battered single-engine seaplane is tied to a dock on the ice.

BOND

plants his feet on the throw rug of the floor -- and uses it to drag over the wire screen in front of the fireplace.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - SALON - DAY

This is the same room we saw earlier -- nicely furnished, a fire roaring in the fireplace, a huge picture window overlooking the lake and the rest of the grounds.

But the room has some menacing fixtures as well. The room is attractively soundproofed -- the picture window's glass is armored -- a teacart holds a tray with drugs and syringes -- and behind a couch is a polygraph. Clearly this is a room that can be as pleasant -- or as unpleasant -- as the occasion requires.

MARINA

is seated on the couch, near the fire, with the polygraph wired to her arm. Seated across from her is KOLKHAZHNA, a smooth KGB interrogator, who calmly questions her in Russian. Kolkhazhna's ASSISTANT -- who is wearing a sidearm -- watches the needle flutter behind her. Kolkhaznha's manner is friendly, avuncular, and well-trained -- clearly designed to put Marina at ease.

KOLKHAZHNA
(switches to English)
Do you speak English fluently?

MARINA
Yes --

KOLKHAZHNA
Did you speak in English with the other prisoner while being transported here?

MARINA
Yes -- but --

KOLKHAZHNA
(friendly)
Just answer yes or no -- this is only a preliminary debriefing. General Pushkin will arrive soon for more thorough questioning.
(presses on)
Do you have any prior relationship with the other prisoner?

MARINA
(decisively)
No --

ON THE NEEDLE

-- it flutters widely across the scrolling paper --

KOLKHAZHNA

looks intrigued as his assistant shakes his head. Meanwhile --

EXT. WIDE ON URAL MOUNTAINS - A MILITARY ATTACK HELICOPTER

approaches quickly, flying high over the range -- as --

INSIDE THE GUEST ROOM - BOND

has dragged the fireplace screen over and yanked a wire out to pick the lock of the handcuffs, but it's a very awkward task --

INSIDE THE SALON - KOLKHAZHNA

paces around in front of the picture window -- he is behind Marina and his assistant --

KOLKHAZHNA
(measured, firm)
I ask again -- do you have any prior relationship with the other prisoner?

MARINA
No -- I -- yes, we met once -- but --

KOLKHAZHNA
In that meeting -- did you and the prisoner discuss your plans to murder Alexei Makvenio?

Marina is simultaneously angry and nervous -- it's obvious where this is heading --

MARINA
No -- he tried to kill me --

KOLKHAZHNA
(amused now)
He tried to kill you -- are you certain of that?

MARINA
(falters)
-- yes -- yes, I am --

CLOSE ON THE NEEDLE

which flutters all over, registering an eight-point-five on the bullshit scale --

OVER THE HOUSE - THE HELICOPTER

begins a slow descent --

INSIDE THE SALON - KOLKHAZHNA

ices a bit -- and waves to the assistant to shut the machine off. The assistant does, taking the wires off Marina, who notices the change in Kolkhazhna's manner.

MARINA
(incredulous)
You think I'm involved with him?

KOLKHAZHNA
Miss Varoskaya --
(points to file)
-- your zaprista shows you have a history of security -- difficulties -- which were tolerated because of your scientific and mathematical gifts.
(picks up question sheet)
Now -- you admit meeting with the foriegn spy prior to today. You admit breaking into a military installation to find Dr. Makvenio --

MARINA
(protests)
-- to warn Makvenio --

KOLKHAZHNA
-- in the same military installation, the other prisoner was captured at precisely the same time you were discovered inside.

As Kolkhazhna speaks -- **the military helicopter HOVERS into view in front of the window** -- it can't be heard due to the room's soundproofing.

Kolkhazhna sees it and nonchalantly waves acknowledgement, as it looks like it's landing -- then turns his back on it to continue his theorizing --

KOLKHAZHNA
-- now Makvenio is dead -- and on your way here, you and the prisoner conducted a conversation in English for secrecy.

Kolkhazhna tosses the question sheet onto the couch -- as he does -- the helicopter not only doesn't land -- **it pivots to face the window head on** --

-- we see but can't hear as it **fires a side mounted missile that rockets toward the window** --

KOLKHAZHNA
How would you add up this particular equation, Miss Varoskaya?

Marina turns around to address this -- and sees --

MARINA'S POV - OUT THE WINDOW - **THE MISSILE**

speeding directly toward the window -- it's inches away as --

IN THE SALON - MARINA

doesn't even get time to scream -- the momentary silence in the room is filled with the sound of the missile **impacting against the armored glass**, destroying it -- Kolkhazhna is thrown across the room, as is his assistant -- the room is a **storm of fire, smoke and glass** --

-- Marina is shielded a bit by the couch -- she is hurled against a bookcase as furniture blows across the room like toys in a doll's house --

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER - TREVELYAN

is in the co-pilot's seat, not Pushkin -- behind him are Savatier, Morley and four other assassins, each carrying assualt rifles and dressed to kill --

IN THE GUEST ROOM - BOND

is several rooms away but can still feel the impact of the explosion -- he goes to work on the handcuff lock with renewed urgency -- as --

HIGH ANGLE ON HOUSE - THE HELICOPTER

fires another side-mounted missile low to the first floor of the house -- it impacts against --

A COMMUNICATIONS CENTER

that is blown to bits, killing most of the Russians inside --

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER - TREVELYAN

smiles as the helicopter tracks left and upward -- he sees --

TREVELYAN'S POV THROUGH WINDOW - BOND

is a perfect target, handcuffed to the marble, visible through this window -- his eyes lock on Trevelyan's --

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER - TREVELYAN

turns to the pilot --

TREVELYAN
You may fire when ready.

INSIDE THE GUEST ROOM - BOND

desperately manipulates the wire in the cuff's lock as behind him, **the helicopter turns to face the window directly** --

-- the missile's exhaust FIRES -- it speeds toward the window -- as it does --

-- a tiny CLICK tells us Bond has finally opened the cuff -- he rips it off his hand, **diving across the room** as --

THE MISSILE IMPACTS AGAINST THE ARMORED GLASS

-- the glass **rips through** the room like grenade shrapnel --

-- Bond half-ducks, is half-blasted, behind a couch -- as part of the ceiling falls in on him --

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE - THE HELICOPTER

touches down -- as it does, Savatier, Morley and the other assassins run out, automatic weapons ready --

TWO ASSASSINS

move around the house, mowing down Russian guards that are positioned there -- as --

SAVATIER AND MORLEY

move into the house -- parts are on fire, and emergency lighting is on --

-- the two split up, killing without question everyone in their path -- we note that Morley, in addition to having a machine gun, has a flame thrower strapped to his back --

IN THE GUEST ROOM'S WRECKAGE - PART OF THE CEILING PAINTING

is shoved aside as Bond, bloodied, struggles from the wreckage. Bond heads for the door -- but before he reaches it --

-- Trevelyan moves into the doorway -- aiming a pistol at Bond -- smiling easily. Triumphantly.

TREVELYAN
Pity destroying this place. I still pay it a visit every spring.
(gestures outside)
The first strawberries of the season always seem to show up over the graves of 005 and 003.

There is the SOUND of rapid-fire shooting downstairs --

IN THE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - THE DOOR

is kicked in -- a female WORKER is frantic and at a radio microphone, frightened, as --

MORLEY

aims the nozzle of the flame thrower at her -- and blasts her with it --

BACK IN THE GUEST ROOM - BOND AND TREVELYAN

Trevelyan maintains his distance from Bond -- ready to shoot at any time. But Trevelyan is in no mood to rush things.

TREVELYAN
I am genuinely sorry to have put you through that charade years ago, James. But when I defected, the Russians were skeptical. The head of MI6 simply crosses over? They thought I was laying out some sort of trap for them.

Bond slowly edges back -- back toward the window, back toward a certain pile of rubble --

BOND
So to convince the Russians -- you set a trap for me.

TREVELYAN
(nods)
I persuaded them to leak news of my "capture" through a diplomatic frequency I knew Whitehall had tapped. I was certain that you'd want to attempt a rescue.
(smiles)
I'm much obliged. After your visit, the Russians believed every recognition cipher -- every safehouse location -- every operative's name I supplied them with.

BOND
(quietly)
You bastard --

BOND'S HAND

edges closer to a small, broken marble column atop some of the rubble -- the perfect size for a club -- but --

-- Trevelan's gun FIRES twice -- blasting the club away --

TREVELYAN

steps closer -- gun levelled at Bond --

TREVELYAN
(angered)
An embarrassing, clumsy attempt. I'd hoped we could be more dignified than this. As you wish --
(hard)
On your knees -- face the wall.

Bond has no choice -- he drops to his knees -- Trevelyan moves behind him --

TREVELYAN
You must have had orders to kill me if I couldn't be rescued, so the Russians wouldn't interrogate me. I gave you one clean shot. You chose not to take it.
(with finality)
Lock your hands behind your back.

CLOSE ON BOND'S FACE

Bond winces as Trevelyan presses the gunbarrel against the base of Bond's skull --

TREVELYAN
Because you lacked the nerve to shoot me back then, James -- it's your finger on this trigger, not mine --

BOND
(with contempt)
Go ahead -- shoot -- I only wish I could see the look on your face two days from now when you try to fire Tempest.

Trevelyan hesitates -- as --

LOWER DOWN IN THE HOUSE - SAVATIER

systematically works through the house -- kicking in door after door -- firing bursts of gunfire at anything that moves --

IN A HALLWAY - MORLEY

steps over the flaming body of a dead Russian GUARD --

IN THE SALON - MARINA

is stunned from the blast -- and terrified at the SOUND of the shooting, which is drawing nearer -- she pulls herself out of the stone and wood that's pinning her down --

-- and starts to dig in another pile of wreckage, where Kolkhazna's dead assistant is covered --

IN THE GUEST ROOM - BOND AND TREVELYAN

Trevelyan is a bit off-balance -- Bond is playing for time --

BOND
Makvenio told me everything, Trevelyan. Before I was picked up, I called in Tempest's control codes to our Moscow Station. By now, the satelites have been recalibrated -- or destroyed.

Trevelyan smiles now, knowing it's a bluff --

TREVELYAN
If Makvenio had told you anything at all, you'd know that isn't possible. The girl posed a minor threat --
(indicating gunshots)
-- that has now been eliminated. I can detonate Tempest at the time -- or target -- of my choosing.

BOND
Is that the threat you'll make? Global blackmail?

TREVELYAN
(beneath him)
It's been done.
(disappointed)
Was your imagination always so limited? I intend to use the weapon, James -- to the fullest possible advantage.
(beat)
I am sorry you won't see that happen. But I promise to come back here next spring -- for your first crop of strawberries --

Trevelyan pulls the hammer back on the pistol -- but --

BEHIND TREVEYLAN - A RUSSIAN OFFICER

battered from one of the blasts -- shows up in the doorway and points an automatic at Trevelyan --

Trevelyan turns at the noise, and shoots -- nailing the officer in the chest -- he falls over, dead or dying, but his finger is locked on the trigger -- the machine gun's entire clip sprays around the room --

Trevelyan is forced to jump to one side of the room as the bullets impact where he was --

-- Bond is driven forward -- he springs toward the broken window and dives -- the bullets from the dying Russian's gun stitching a line under him on the floor --

-- the bullets from Trevelyan's automatic blazing over and under Bond in a crossfire, that impacts on the window's edge --

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE - BOND DIVES OUT THE WINDOW

and lands, rolling in the rubble, breaking into a run -- bullets are everywhere as Bond tries to get out of range --

UP IN THE SECOND STORY WINDOW - TREVELYAN

is firing down at Bond -- as --

IN THE SALON - MARINA

claws through the rubble -- and unearths enough of Kolkhzhna's assistant to get at his sidearm -- she stands up as --

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE - BOND

is closely followed by Trevelyan's shots -- to get away from them he jumps into --

THE SALON'S BROKEN WINDOW - BOND

crashes into the rubble, and stops short, because he's facing --

-- **Marina** -- standing on the other side of the room -- terrified and aiming the gun at Bond --

-- Bond holds up his hands, calm -- and tries not to appear threatening -- he steps closer --

BOND
Marina -- we've got to get out of here --

Marina FIRES the gun once -- the shot goes over Bond's shoulder --

MARINA
(shouting, frightened)
Don't come near me!

IN THE HALLWAY - MORLEY

hears the sound of the SHOT -- about thirty feet distant -- he runs down the hall, flame-thrower ready --

IN THE SALON - BOND AND MARINA

Marina's hands shake violently on the gun -- Bond knows he has almost no time to try to convince her -- that time is cut even shorter as --

IN THE DOORWAY - MORLEY

arrives, aiming the flame-thrower's nozzle directly at Marina --

-- Bond sees it before Marina does -- he lunges toward her --

-- she fires at Bond, just missing him as he knocks her out of the way of --

-- a gas-fed blast of flame that HISSES twenty feet across the room -- the flame SINGES Bond's clothes as it passes --

-- Marina is shoved in relative safety against a pile of rubble --

BOND AND MORLEY

Bond has little time to react as Morley turns to face Bond, the flame **arcing with him** -- Bond grabs a poker from what's left of the fireplace and slams it against the nozzle of the flamethrower, diverting it for a moment -- the full-blast stream of flame burning right next to Bond --

MARINA

-- hands trembling -- points the pistol at both men -- as --

THE STREAM OF FLAME

arcs around and over Bond -- Bond tries to control it with the poker, but the "swordfight" is over -- Morley moves back, beyond the reach of the poker -- Bond is finished --

-- but Marina fires the gun once with shaky aim --

-- the flamethrower's tank is hit -- but this is reinforced steel -- the bullet has no effect --

-- Marina fires again -- pointing more than aiming --

-- and this time she hits a weaker point --

THE JOINT

where the flamethrower's nozzle is attached to the tank -- a pressurized mist of flammable chemicals is released --

-- Morley turns to see this, horrified -- Bond takes the opportunity to rush Morley and kick him across the room -- as Morley tumbles, the tank spews a trail of flammable mist --

-- Bond grabs Marina's hand and yanks her out through the window -- right behind them --

-- as Morley rolls across the floor -- across the room, a flaming piece of rubble **ignites some of the airborne mist** -- like a cheap bottle rocket, the **flame spirals through the air, igniting the mist along the same path Morley has taken, until the aerial fuse burns into the tank itself** --

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE - **THE EXPLOSION**

blasts some of the pre-exploded debris out the window --

-- Bond pulls Marina out of the way of the blast and shields her body, holding her against the wall -- Bond's hand is on Marina's wrist, and he takes the gun away from her --

ON BOND AND MARINA'S FACES

which are inches apart, breathless. She's terrified, and physically pinned by Bond -- if Bond wanted to kill her, he could do it easily. Instead, Bond releases his grip on her -- and lowers the gun.

Marina is as confused as ever -- her eyes search Bond's, looking for a reason to trust him --

MARINA
Who are you?

BOND
My name is Bond -- James Bond --
(at sound of GUNSHOTS)
-- would you mind if we discussed the rest later?

Marina's frightened look tells us she still doesn't entirely trust Bond -- but the approaching gunmen make up her mind for her. Bond and Marina start a run across the house's yard, toward the lake -- but bullets kick up ice and snow around them --

FROM AN UPSTAIRS WINDOW - SAVATIER

fires a machine gun down at them --

FROM BEHIND - TWO ASSASSINS

come from behind the house, firing their machine guns too --

BOND AND MARINA

have no choice but to continue a very long run in a very exposed position -- the thin cover of the ridge seems very far off --

-- bullets kick up around them as they run past the grounded helicopter --

-- the helicopter PILOT takes a machine gun and fires from the side of the copter at Bond and Marina as they reach the ridge --

BOND

stops running -- and points the pistol back at the helicopter as bullets burst into the trees around him --

Bond fires back at the helicopter -- not at the pilot, not at the assassins who are catching up fast, but at --

THE HELICOPTER'S SIDE-MOUNTED MISSILES

Bond's bullets SPARK around the launch tubes -- until one shot TINGS inside a launch tube, **igniting a warhead** --

WIDE VIEW ON YARD - **THE HELICOPTER EXPLODES**

in a fireball of gasoline and munitions as the pilot runs in a panic away from it -- the explosion flattens across the yard --

-- a wall of flame separates the pursuing killers from Bond and Marina --

AT THE LAKE'S EDGE - BOND

and Marina dash across the ice over to the seaplane's dock --

-- Bond helps Marina into the passenger side door -- as --

BACK AT THE HELICOPTER - A RENEWED SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS

cause the assassins to scatter as more of the munitions carried by the helicopter explode --

BOND MOVES AROUND TO THE PILOT'S SIDE

and opens the door, smiling at the chaos behind him -- a familiar look of triumph blooms on his face as he starts to get in -- until he looks down --

THE PONTOONS OF THE SEAPLANE

are **half-submerged and frozen into the ice** -- this plane is going nowhere -- even if it could be moved, the pontoons certainly now weigh more than the plane can lift --

BOND'S FACE

reflects this sudden change in fortune -- he turns to the renewed SOUND of approaching GUNSHOTS --

THE ASSASSINS

pass the helicopter's wreckage and explosions -- one man runs out on the ice, firing a machine gun at Bond and Marina --

-- another takes a shoulder-mounted stinger -- and aims it --

STINGER SCOPE POV - **THE PLANE AND THE DOCK**

are in the crosshairs -- as --

AT THE SAFEHOUSE - TWO ASSASSINS

get on motorcycles from the safehouse's garage -- and ride them out through the fire and toward the ice --

INSIDE THE PLANE - MARINA'S POV OUT WINDSHIELD

In summary: a shoulder-fired missile, two motorcycles, four killers and who knows how many guns are on the way --

MARINA

justly looks terrified --

BOND

is half-in, half-out of the plane -- he only has one idea and he clearly doesn't like it much -- he turns to Marina --

BOND
Start the engine!

As the plane's ancient engine SPUTTERS to life and the prop starts buzzing --

-- Bond takes his gun -- and **fires down at the ice around both pontoons, SHATTERING and CRACKING the ice** -- Bond climbs into the plane as --

THE STINGER

is fired by the assassin --

STINGER POV

it rockets low along the ice, toward the dock -- as --

THE PLANE

GROANS under the strain of the iced pontoons as Bond revs the miserable sounding engine to full --

-- the pontoons break away from the ice lake -- they still weigh, literally, a ton and the plane can't lift off -- but --

-- **the plane moves ahead**, the pontoons SKIDDING on the ice -- it picks up speed and pulls away from

THE DOCK

just as the stinger arrives to SPLINTER it in a huge BLAST --

ON THE ICE LAKE - THE ASSASSINS

run toward the plane, firing -- but Bond revs the engine and steers the icebound plane **toward the killers** --

ASSASSIN POV - THE PLANE

is skidding toward them, propeller first --

-- the two who were on foot, instead of standing their ground, flee from the approaching propeller --

-- Bond turns the plane -- and the left wing of the plane knocks them to the ice, unconscious --

-- as the plane skids further on the ice -- one of the motorcycle assassins falls on his side to avoid the wing -- the motorcycle and the assassin slide out of control -- but --

ON THE EDGE OF THE ICE LAKE - A KILLER

on a motorcycle races along the lake's edge, keeping pace with the plane -- he fires a machine gun at the plane as he does --

THE PLANE

is hit in the rear and is damaged --

BOND

speeds up the plane to try to get away -- he steers the plane away from the motorcycle -- and toward --

THE EDGE OF THE LAKE

which presents the only exit -- **the mouth where the lake drains into the river rapids** -- this is where ice chunks have been breaking off and slamming down --

BOND

directs the plane toward this -- Marina SCREAMS as --

THE PLANE GOES OVER THE EDGE

and into the river rapids, smashing down, the pontoons driven along by the current, just like any other chunk of ice -- they're steered only by Bond's manipulation of the propeller and the flaps --

BOND AND MARINA'S POV - THROUGH WINDSHIELD - THE RIVER

is a swirling chute of whitewater and rocks -- an ice chunk ahead of them the size of a rowboat SLAMS against a rock and smashes into powder --

-- Bond desperately steers to try to avoid the same fate -- the plane veers toward the side -- as --

ALONG THE RIVERBANK - THE MOTORCYCLE

appears, running comfortably along a smooth, slightly elevated path that runs parallel to the river -- the assassin has a relatively easy time firing down at --

THE PLANE

-- bullets stitch across the canvas wings -- and shatter the rear windshield --

CLOSE ON THE ASSASSIN

as he pulls a grenade off his vest -- and removes the pin with his thumb --

BOND'S POV - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Bond sees this -- and tries to steer away from the cyclist -- but the assassin throws the grenade toward the right side of the plane --

THE RIGHT PONTOON OF THE PLANE IS BLOWN OFF

with a terrible SCREAM of metal as the grenade detonates under it -- the wing moves up with the force of the blast --

-- forcing the opposite wing to dip down -- if it goes into the water the plane will cartwheel --

INSIDE THE PLANE - BOND

frantically corrects again, steering and manipulating the flaps so that --

THE RIGHT WING STAYS EVEN

and compensates for the missing pontoon -- the plane is now half-flying, half-floating, and still banging dangerously down the river --

UP ON THE RIVERBANK - THE MOTORCYCLIST

can see what Bond has done -- he concentrates his fire --

ON THE RIGHT WING

-- bullets shred it -- if it gets much more shot up, the wing will **tear off** -- worse --

HIGH SHOT OF RIVER - A WATERFALL

is, horizontally speaking, a hundred yards distant -- and vertically speaking, is four hundred feet down --

-- at the same time, we can see that the ridge the motorcyclist is on will continue comfortably -- he's in no danger --

-- the cyclist moves ahead of the plane, pulling off another grenade -- and thumbing off the ring --

IN THE PLANE - BOND

has to make a choice -- he deliberately steers the plane toward a rock -- Marina shrieks as --

THE LEFT PONTOON IMPACTS

against the rock -- and virtually tears off -- hanging on just by a single bolt --

THE PLANE

is just seconds from going over the falls --

BOND

pulls back on the stick with all his might -- and revs the engine into redlining --

THE PLANE

lifts off shakily -- drifting toward the left -- toward --

THE MOTORCYCLIST

who sees the plane approaching -- and tries to speed up -- but

-- as the plane lifts off -- the last bolt on the pontoon finally tears off --

THE PONTOON

drops like a bomb and **skids along the path, slamming into the motorcyclist --**

ANGLE ON WATERFALL - THE PLANE

lifts off over the drop and sails above the river -- as the motorcycle and the assassin are shoved off the edge to start the 400 foot fall --

-- the fall is cut short as the grenade **detonates**, blasting the cycle and the assassin into smaller pieces that finish the drop to the icy water and rocks below.

BACK AT THE WRECKAGE OF THE COUNTRY HOUSE - TREVELYAN

stands on a ridge -- as the SOUND of the explosion echoes back, he can just make out through the trees the shape of the plane flying away -- and the sputtering and buzzing of the engine.

TREVELYAN'S FACE

is an interesing blend of fury, frustration and a little bit of respect -- whatever his thoughts are, he ends them to calmly turn to his surviving men.

TREVELYAN
They won't get far in that plane. When they land -- see to it they get no farther.

The assassins rush toward a military vehicle left untouched by the flaming wreckage of the house -- as we go back to --

THE PLANE - OVER THE MOUNTAINS

The plane barely maintains altitude over the rocky, mountainous area -- the wings are so shot up they're certain to fall off, and the engine is sputtering and clearly will soon fail --

INSIDE THE PLANE - BOND

looks down for a place to land. The terrain below isn't flat -- and has a number of sheer vertical cliffs. Distantly visible down one edge of the mountain is the logging camp -- and visible beyond another edge, in the valley below, are railroad tracks.

But there's no chance the plane will make it that far. Bond aims down toward --

A SNOWDRIFT

that's perched on the edge of a fifty foot deep canyon -- an unused stable and workshed are nearby --

BOND
Brace yourself --

Bond cuts the engine -- and starts a low approach --

THE PLANE DROPS INTO THE SNOWDRIFT

-- with the strain of landing, **the left wing tears off** -- the rest of the plane skids across the snow, out of control, burrowing into the snowdrift at forty miles an hour --

-- but the spokes left over from the pontoons drag through the snow, gradually slowing the plane until it digs into the snow drift and stops, half-buried, at the precipice's edge.

Bond's door is blocked by the snow -- he heaves against it --

-- as Marina unbuckles her seat belt -- and without waiting for Bond, she gets out and runs across the snowdrift -- as --

THE PLANE SHIFTS IN THE SNOW

-- partly due to its precarious position, partly due to Bond's pounding on the doorside -- it clearly will go over --

-- Bond sees this and pulls himself across the seat to the other door -- and through it --

BOND ROLLS OUT OF THE PLANE

as it rolls off the canyon's edge -- Bond lands safely in the snowdrift as the plane cartwheels to the rocks below --

-- and the gas tank explodes, starting a small fire.

Bond turns to look for Marina -- she's running away, down the snowdrift. Bond crunches through the snow after her -- catching up to her by the stables, he grabs her -- and throws her --

INTO THE WORKSHED

which is full of rusted, abandoned junk -- saws, harnesses for horses, but nothing the previous user wanted to take. Marina lands in a wooden chair, angry at the rough treatment, as Bond takes out his gun and starts to check out the workshed.

BOND
I don't expect any thanks for getting you out of that abbotoir -- but I'd appreciate it if you'd stop running away from me.

MARINA
You're a dangerous man to be with, Mr. Bond. Things have a tendency to explode around you.
(demands)
What do you want with me?

AT THE LOGGING CAMP - THE MILITARY VEHICLE

pulls up through the dirt road leading in, as a truck full of LOGGERS pulls out. The military vehicle tracks along the dirt road -- until it reaches a wooden hangar -- where a couple of WORKERS are putting away the camp's helicopter.

IN THE WORKSHED - BOND AND MARINA

Marina looks furious and indignant -- Bond is looking at the junk, trying to find something useful.

BOND
You designed the control codes for Tempest?
(she nods)
Is there a destruct code as well as activation code?

Marina nods again as Bond gets some old, run down wooden skiis down from the walls. Bond slams a pair down next to her --

BOND
You can ski, I hope.

MARINA
(right back)
Only a little better than you can fly --

BOND
Then we're going to the nearest phone -- and you're going to tell NATO how to shut Tempest down.

Marina pauses just a beat.

MARINA
That is impossible.

Off Bond's look -- we go to --

THE LOGGING HELICOPTER - OVER THE MOUNTAINS

The helicopter is flown by Trevleyan's pilot -- he is flanked by one of Trevelyan's assassins, who points out the window at a not-too-distant column of smoke from the plane wreckage.

IN THE WORKSHED - BOND AND MARINA

As Marina explains, Bond realizes this isn't going to be as easy as he thought --

MARINA
The codes aren't a collection of numbers and letters -- they're built into a hard cryptography chip. One is in each of the three satelites -- and the only other one is in the coding computer.
(beat)
Without that chip -- there's no way to communicate with the satelites.

BOND
What about tracking the satelites themselves? To shoot them down?

MARINA
Makvenio camoflaged all of them -- one might transmit weather data, another might seem to be a surveillance satelite. And even if they could be tracked, they have defensive lasers.

Bond looks deflated.

BOND
Congratulations, I suppose. You and Makvenio seem to have thought of everything. Except what happens when that thing detonates over a city.

Marina is stung by this -- and responds furiously --

MARINA
As long as you're interrogating me, Mr. Bond, I'll tell you precisely what happens when it's fired at a city.
(hard)
In a millionth of a second -- all electrical power will cut out. The surge will start electrical fires in old buildings, petrol stations -- anywhere that a spark can start a fire. Backup generators in hospitals won't work -- odds are they'll explode instead. All engines will fail -- in a dense city, automobile traffic will instantly halt -- and all air traffic over the city will crash and explode.
(beat)
Fired at the right target it will create a ring of fire one hundred miles wide.

There is no pride, no accomplishment in this description -- as Marina forces herself through this, she's near tears. She is clearly angry and ashamed at her role in creating this device.

MARINA
They had me run computer simulations on every target, Mr. Bond. The denser the city, the higher the kill probability. In Washington D.C. the projection was four hundred thousand. In London, six hundred thousand. In New York City it topped a million.

Bond realizes how much she wants to stop this thing -- and softens his stance a bit --

BOND
(not an accusation)
Why did you build it then?

MARINA
(bitter)
I suppose you became a killer for your government of your own choice, Mr. Bond. Mine didn't give me the option.
(hard)
If you've come for me because your government wants me to build another of the weapons -- then you may as well kill me now.

Bond pockets his gun --

BOND
That's not why I'm here.

MARINA
Then what do you want?

BOND
The same thing you do. To make sure that Tempest is never fired.

Marina looks at Bond -- and finally believes him -- but the moment is broken by the SOUND of an approaching helicopter -- Bond moves over to a window -- and gets his gun out --

BOND
Get your skiis on --

Marina clamps on the skiis as Bond peers out a window --

MARINA
(anxiously)
Wouldn't we be better off staying in here?

BOND'S POV OUT WINDOW - **THE APPROACHING HELICOPTER**

can be seen on the other side of the stables -- the copter drops a ten foot pendulum from clamps that held it underneath the helicopter -- it starts swinging from a cable --

CLOSE ON "PENDULUM" - **FOUR CIRCULAR BUZZ SAWS**

are stacked in a long tree-trimming gadget held together with a wire mesh --

-- the saws **fire to life**, one by one, top to bottom, and are **moving toward the shack** --

CLOSE ON BOND'S FACE

as he turns to Marina --

BOND
(an understatement)
No.

Bond snatches up his skiis --

REAR VIEW OF WORKSHED - THE HELICOPTER MOVES TO THE STABLES

and the saws tear **through** them, one after the other, as if they were made of **straw** --

-- rotting planks fly everywhere as Bond and Marina burst out of the back of the shed, the saws right behind them --

HELICOPTER POV - BOND AND MARINA

ski down the slope, toward a group of trees -- the helicopter keeps pace with them, swinging the saws behind them --

-- and the gunner on the right side of the helicopter fires down at them --

ON BOND AND MARINA SKIING

-- the bullets spray up the snow, between Bond and Marina -- Bond is forced by the line of fire to fork off, away from Marina, into the trees --

-- Marina hooks around the trees and down the slope -- she can see Bond is in trouble but can do nothing about it --

THE HELICOPTER HOOKS IN THE SAME PATTERN AS MARINA

and the saws swing from the wire -- easily SLASHING through the trees, topping several of them --

ON BOND SKIING THROUGH TREE AREA

-- severed tree tops tumble in his way -- he swerves around them and is driven further from Marina --

MARINA SKIIS DOWN THE SLOPE

and hooks again -- this time going down a steep, icy slope that leads into the canyon's floor -- it's a long ribbon of ice, as solid, slippery and unforgiving as a bobsled run --

HIGH VIEW OF CANYON - THE HELICOPTER

makes a hundred and eighty degree turn to follow Marina -- we can see the canyon is at this point about forty feet deep and about twenty feet wide -- it serpentines across a steep slope, with jagged rock formations everywhere --

-- **the helicopter tracks with Marina** -- because the canyon is so narrow, at this point it flies level with the top -- but --

THE DANGLING SAWS

nudge right behind Marina -- she's bent over for speed, but the saws are gaining -- she skiis past the wreckage of the plane -- the saws **demolish** it without slowing, and swing across the canyon, against the rock and ice with an ear-splitting WHINE --

THE TOP OF THE CANYON - **BOND**

has cleared the trees -- but is well behind Marina and the copter on the left side of the canyon --

-- Bond skiis along the downhill slope of the canyon's edge, bent over to accelerate and **overtake** the copter --

INSIDE THE CANYON - THE HELICOPTER IS RIGHT BEHIND MARINA

skiing a serpentine along the ice -- but now the gunner is shooting at her -- if she gets ahead of the copter, she's a perfect target -- if she drops her pace, she gets shredded -- behind her and the copter, on top of the canyon, we can see --

BOND

is catching up to, and overtaking, the helicopter -- as the slope gets steeper -- Bond accelerates further and aims his skiis directly toward the edge -- **apparently on a collision course with the helicopter** -- but --

BOND JUMPS ACROSS THE CANYON JUST AHEAD OF THE HELICOPTER

-- and touches down smoothly on the slope's opposite side -- Bond turns to maintain pace with the copter --

-- the gunner fires his machine gun level at Bond -- snow kicks up all around Bond as he gets out his pistol --

-- the grade is still steep -- but the canyon gets wider and deeper -- so --

THE HELICOPTER

arcs down into the canyon to pace Marina -- the saws slash just behind her, chewing ice and spitting out rock -- as --

BOND KEEPS PACE WITH THE HELICOPTER

and diverts his skiis down a path along the rock wall that runs down on an angle into the canyon -- both Bond and the helicopter are moving down at the same angle and speed --

-- the gunner aims his machine gun at Bond -- and fires --

-- bullets kick up snow all around Bond -- he takes aim without slowing down -- he fires twice --

THE GUNNER

is hit -- he slumps and falls out the copter door --

-- **and into the saws** -- there's no telling how many blades he hits on the way down, but he's instantly reduced to a scarlet spray --

BOND

aims at the pilot -- but the gun CLICKS empty -- Bond throws it away and looks ahead --

BOND'S POV - THE RIDGE

he's skiing on is coming to an abrupt, rocky end -- and Bond is speeding toward it at forty miles per hour -- as if things could get worse --

-- the helicopter **edges over toward Bond** and **lowers** -- the helicopter blades crowd Bond and will soon decapitate him --

CLOSE ON BOND

-- who has nowhere to go but down --

-- he **skiis off the path and jumps toward the helicopter** -- Bond reaches out desperately, diving, and **tries to grab the helicopter's skid** --

CLOSE ON BOND'S HANDS

which **miss the skid** -- Bond is still falling --

HIGH VIEW ON BOND FALLING TOWARD THE SAWS

still reaching out -- with one hand he grabs onto the wire mesh that's part of the saws' central support --

BOND CATCHES ON THE WIRE MESH OF THE SAWS

and his weight makes the saws **swing wildly** -- Bond's grip is halfway down the saws --

CLOSE ON BOND

his fingers are maybe an inch ahead of the GRINDING saws -- and slipping on the wire mesh, which is slick with blood --

-- the bottom saw GRINDS against the stone canyon wall -- as Bond swings out of control on the saw, his skiis impact against a saw blade and are shredded --

INSERT - AT TOP OF HELICOPTER - THE BOLT

holding the cable securing the saws pops halfway out --

FRONT VIEW DOWN CANYON - MARINA, BOND AND HELICOPTER

Marina is still skiing just ahead of the saw blades -- Bond steadies his grip, but the saw is still swinging like a pendulum -- and the helicopter BLASTS ahead, swerving around obstacles in the rock walls --

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER - THE PILOT

looks down -- he's almost on Marina -- he throttles the copter ahead faster -- and smiles, because he can't lose --

HIGH VIEW - THE CANYON

is coming to an end soon -- or, to be more accurate, is getting a hell of a lot deeper -- a fast approaching vertical drop makes it about **a thousand feet deeper** --

CLOSE ON BOND

who has kicked off what's left of his skiis and steadied himself on the saws' base -- he tries to climb up the wire mesh -- his grip is fine but --

-- the wire panel in Bond's grip tears loose -- Bond nearly falls, but shoots a hand up to grab another wire panel further up -- Bond looks ahead --

BOND'S POV - **DOWN CANYON**

Marina is skiing just ahead of the saws, serpentining around rocks on the icy slope -- Bond's POV moves up to find a jagged rock abutment sticking out of Bond's side of the canyon --

BOND

climbs up the wire to the top and braces his legs against the top of the saws, shoving hard --

-- the saws swing and steer the saw and its cable toward the jagged rock abutment --

CLOSE ON BOND'S FEET

which slip, and catch themselves, on the top of the saws' base -- an inch off, and the next thing Q's making is a pair of prosthetics --

THE HELICOPTER PILOT'S

attention is focused on Marina -- he doesn't notice the abutment until too late -- he pulls the copter up -- but as he does --

BOND LEAPS CLEAR OF THE SAWS

to **fall** twenty feet toward the ice --

THE WIRE

catches on a groove in the rock like an aircraft carrier's tripwire -- and it **holds** --

THE HELICOPTER

abruptly brakes -- and is yanked to the side -- its rotor SLAMS against the canyon wall and **shatters** on one side -- as --

THE SAWS

are yanked by the impact up toward the rock abutment, caught on the wire --

THE BOLT

holding the saws to the helicopter BURSTS loose --

THE SAWS FALL TOWARD BOND

on the ice -- Bond just manages to hurl himself out of the way -- as --

THE HELICOPTER FALLS TO THE ICE

impacting on its side and skidding down the sloping ice -- the top is on fire --

-- and the whole thing is coming down after Marina --

-- she brakes her skiis and flattens out against the canyon wall just as the helicopter skids past -- and --

THE SAWS

also race down the ice like a runaway luge -- **all four of the saws still running** --

INSIDE THE MOVING HELICOPTER - THE HELICOPTER PILOT

is bloodied but alive -- he looks in one direction -- the end of the ice and a thousand foot drop are coming up fast -- the pilot looks in the other direction --

PILOT POV - **THE SAWS**

are coming up even faster --

THE SAWS OVERTAKE THE HELICOPTER

and carve through it -- you'd need THX sound to separate the GRINDING from the SCREAMING as the tangle of wreckage simultaneously **explodes and shoots over the edge** -- as --

INSIDE THE CANYON - BOND AND MARINA

A breathless Marina reaches Bond -- who is battered from the fall -- and helps him up. Marina stares down the slope as some of the smaller bits of debris skid to a quiet halt.

MARINA
(ashen)
My God -- are you all right?

BOND
Yes --
(leans on wall, winded)
-- but he certainly cut out of here in a hurry.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP SAFEHOUSE - LONG SHOT - NIGHT

Still-burning fires have left the house nothing but a charred husk -- several military helicopters have arrived, and a dozen RUSSIAN SOLDIERS sift through wreckage. In one helicopter --

PUSHKIN

riffles through the same razored-empty Tempest technical file Bond had earlier. Pushkin grimly looks to his aide as he runs up with some charred papers.

PUSHKIN
How many?

AIDE
There are at least eight bodies inside.
(holds up paper)
This is Varoskaya's interrogation -- she and Bond knew each other --
(flips through)
-- it looks as if she and Bond were working together on the assassinations.

Pushkin can't avoid the same conclusion --

PUSHKIN
Transmit to all civil authorities. Bond is to be captured. If he resists --
(simply)
-- he is to be killed.

EXT. TRAIN STATION IN URALS - NIGHT

The train sounds its WHISTLE for the final time -- and pulls away from the dingy station -- revealing, on a wooden bench, a pair of elderly PENSIONERS who can't believe their luck -- they're wearing Bond and Marina's outer jackets.

INSIDE THE TRAIN - BOND AND MARINA

are in a private compartment -- both are now wearing the pensioners' tattered coats. This isn't a luxury compartment -- it's the typical sleeper train found in Russia, the only furnishings a small table and two shelflike beds on the walls. Durable, but that's the nicest thing you could say for it.

Bond is at the open door, speaking in RUSSIAN to the CONDUCTOR -- who nods, and casts a friendly smile toward Marina as he leaves.

Bond locks the door, and turns to Marina -- who pensively stands in front of the window as the train slowly starts to move. The only illumination in here now comes from the small Russian town as its lights pass by.

MARINA
(meaning the conductor)
What was that about?

BOND
I told him we were eloping -- and we shouldn't be disturbed.

MARINA
(flatly)
You make an excellent liar, Mr. Bond.

Bond abruptly pulls the shade down -- and moves her away from the window --

BOND
And you make an excellent target, Miss Varoskaya.
(faces Marina)
We've only two days left. Can you build -- or modify -- another computer to control Tempest?

MARINA
(shakes head hopelessly)
It took two <u>years</u> to design the first.

Marina looks afraid now -- and vulnerable -- the enormity of the trouble she's in is collapsing in on her --

MARINA
They're not going to stop -- are they?
(looks directly at Bond)
Not until I'm dead.

BOND
No. They're not.

Marina is near tears -- and looks out the window. Bond takes her shoulders in his hands and locks eyes with her --

BOND
So we'll stop them <u>first</u>. I promise, Marina. But I need your help to do it.

MARINA
That is why you're keeping me alive?

Bond's light smile is an invitation --

BOND
That's the <u>second</u> reason.

The ice is thawing -- Marina's face almost breaks into a smile that's equally inviting --

MARINA
-- and the first -- ?

Bond and Marina stop for an instant -- unbreathing, unblinking -- sexual tension is winding them together --just before their faces can start craning toward one another --

-- there's a KNOCK at the door. Marina, rattled, moves back against the bed -- Bond tenses and crosses to the door --

BOND
Ktoh etoh?

CONDUCTOR (O.S.)
(through door)
Kendvekte.

Bond opens the door -- to reveal the smiling conductor standing there with a small bottle of vodka and jar of caviar. Precious commodities on a train like this -- if ill-timed ones.

CONDUCTOR
(proudly presenting)
Happy honeymoon.

BOND
(graciously accepting)
It nearly was. Spasseba.

Bond closes and locks the door -- and turns to find Marina sitting on her slim bed. The mood is brightened -- but her body language indicates the fragile moment is nonetheless broken. Bond opts not to push -- sits on his bed -- and looks out the window.

BOND
Good night, Marina.

MARINA
(softly)
Good night, James.

Marina -- feeling safe for the first time in days -- shuts her eyes -- exhausted -- and instantly finds sleep -- as --

THE TRAIN

slices through the mountainous Russian countryside -- and we --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION IN URALS - TWILIGHT

The place Bond and Marina started from -- but a pair of local militiamen show Bond's photo to a ticket agent -- and --

EXT. **ST. PETERSBURG** - TRAIN - DAWN

On the dark side of dawn, the train GRINDS to a slower speed as it moves through the city and nears the station --

IN THE COMPARTMENT - BOND

is sitting up, awake -- his attention is focused across at

MARINA

lit up by the blue twilight, fast asleep -- and still looking beautiful in spite of the last twenty-four hours.

BOND

allows himself a smile -- and looks out the window, which is opaque with frost. Bond wipes at the inside and looks out --

BOND'S POV - THROUGH ICED WINDOW

Through cracks in the frost, Bond can make out one militiaman -- then two -- then three -- moving on the platform.

IN THE COMPARTMENT - BOND

shakes Marina --

BOND
Marina -- wake up -- we've got to get off the train --

ON THE PLATFORM - THE MILITIA

is out in full force -- at least a dozen show up, rifles out --

TOWARD THE REAR OF THE TRAIN - BOND AND MARINA

jump out of a side compartment door as the slow-moving, braking train heads into the station. Bond leads Marina behind the train so the militiamen on the platform can't see them --

-- and as the train comes to a complete stop, Bond leads Marina along the side edge of the raised concrete platform, hidden from the militiamen's view.

They move out toward the streets of St. Petersburg -- but as they round the corner of the concrete platform --

A MILITIAMAN

steps from behind it -- the double click of an automatic slide informs Bond he's there before the harsh voice does --

MILITIAMAN
Octahobka!

The militiaman jams the barrel into Bond's spine. With no option, Bond puts his hands on his head -- as does Marina -- and he starts to walk toward the opposite end of the station platform. But the militiaman insistently shoves Bond in another direction, away from the other militiamen --

MILITIAMAN
Ata bleezka --

BOND'S FACE

registers realization -- if he's not being led to the militia, he's being led toward Trevelyan --

-- as Bond and Marina pass the edge of the concrete, walking through cobblestones, Bond "stumbles" -- shoving Marina out of the way -- and with a lightning stroke of his arm, reaches behind to grab the Militiaman's gunhand and pull him forward to disarm him --

-- Bond throws him against the front edge of the concrete platform and is about to put out the lights -- when --

ROMALY (O.S.)
(insistent)
Please do not hit him, James --

Bond turns around to face the street --

ROMALY

is anxiously standing next to a silver Rolls Royce limousine.

ROMALY
-- as it stands, I already owe him a very large favor.
(impatient)
Now get into the car before you attract the attention of a militiaman I am not related to.

Bond and Marina head for the back seat.

BOND
Thanks for the lift, Romaly --
(meaning car)
-- pity you couldn't find something inconspicuous.

INSIDE THE ROLLS - AS IT PULLS INTO TRAFFIC

and drives through into the heart of St. Petersburg's busy network of bridges and canals that lead to the Neva River -- waterways that at the moment are solid ice.

ROMALY
Here, this is inconspicuous. Last year, they sold more of these in St. Petersburg alone than in England.

BOND
How did you find us?

ROMALY
(snorts)
You are joking -- such a swath of destruction has not been cut through Russia since the invasion of Napoleon.
(MORE)

ROMALY (cont'd)
(beat)
I hope you are now ready to leave the country -- while some of it yet remains --

BOND
I am -- but first --

Bond withdraws the small ivory object we saw him take from Makvenio's briefcase earlier.

BOND
-- I need to pay a visit to a nearby bank.

EXT. **NEVSKY PROSPEKT** - DAY

The busy heart of St. Petersburg's growing financial district, crowded with foot traffic, cars and streetcars. It's also the home of St. Petersburg's best shops, restaurants, businesses -- and banks. Capitalism has definitely arrived. So have

BOND AND MARINA

who climb the wide steps up from the street, toward the biggest bank here -- from their new clothes, we can see they've given Her Majesty's credit cards a thrashing at the local stores.

Bond withdraws the ivory object as he and Marina enter

THE **KRONSTADT BANK**

which is as palatial as any of the best banks the West has to offer. Bond and Marina move through the crowded lobby to the tellers' windows --

MARINA
(low)
What is that thing?

BOND
It's called a "chop". Sort of a coding device -- but a bit more low-tech than the ones you used to make.
(beat)
The Chinese developed them centuries ago -- and certain banks still use them for their clients who want to hide a great deal of money -- and their identity -- at the same time.
(smiles)
Works quite well -- right up to the point when someone else gets his hands on it.

As they reach a teller's window, Bond stamps the chop's intricate design end against a piece of paper, leaving an imprint -- and pushes that across the window to the TELLER.

BOND
I'd like access to my safety deposit box, please.

IN A REAR BANK HALLWAY - A MOMENT LATER

Bond and Marina walk past, and into, vault gates -- the officious teller walking several steps ahead. The teller stops at a certain box, and takes out her keyring --

TELLER
Your key, please.

Unfazed, Bond twists the chop -- it unscrews into two halves -- and takes the key out. Bond and the teller turn the twin cylinders simultaneously -- and

A MOMENT LATER - IN A PRIVACY CUBICLE - THE DEPOSIT BOX

is on the table. Bond pops it open -- and the only thing inside is a small leather folder with a globe, and the name **"GEOCOM"** stamped on the front. Bond opens this -- and inside it is a single, three-inch, 1.44 megabyte computer diskette.

Bond eyes it quizzically --

BOND
(thinking out loud)
People hide millions in these accounts -- and Makvenio's keeping a computer diskette here instead --

Meanwhile --

UPSTAIRS IN THE BANK - IN A SEALED ROOM

that's full of up-to-the-minute banking computers registering wire transactions -- only one man is working -- it's --

JORDAN

-- who we saw earlier having dinner with Trevelyan -- he's working at his desk, typing at a computer terminal. A window tells us this room is in the bank's top floor. Jordan's harried appearance tells us he's been busy for some time. But his satisfied look tells us that he's done as he taps a final key --

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

the message appears:

RECODING SEQUENCE COMPLETED
SYSTEM ON LINE

Jordan shuts off the computer -- and steps away from his desk, satisfied. The job's done. But as he passes a sextet of surveillance monitors, Jordan's look of contentment vanishes like a morning haze --

ON ONE BLACK AND WHITE SURVEILLANCE SCREEN - **BOND**

is visible, walking out through the corridor leading from the safety deposit box vault.

JORDAN

realizes what this means -- he grabs a gun from his desk, shoves it into his jacket and runs out the door, toward the side stairs of the main hallway -- as --

BY THE TELLER'S DESK - BOND AND MARINA

are shown out -- the teller opens the gate for them -- they calmly walk out into the lobby -- as --

FURTHER BACK IN THE BANK'S MAIN LEVEL - **JORDAN**

hits the bottom of the stairs running, breathless, looking down --

JORDAN'S POV - **BOND AND MARINA**

are nearly at the bank's outer door --

JORDAN RUNS THROUGH THE LOBBY

through the crowd, to the outer door --

OUTSIDE THE BANK AND DOWN THE STAIRS - JORDAN

bursts into the street, frantically looking up and down Nevsky Prospekt --

-- but Bond and Marina are gone, vanished into the busy street.

The CAMERA crowds into Jordan's face -- because he knows his fate -- there is the SOUND of a GUNSHOT over the --

SMASH CUT TO:

TREVELYAN'S OFFICE - LOW ANGLE - TREVELYAN

lowers his smoking gun against the leather desk -- our view of him is suddenly obscured as --

-- the **lifeless form of Jordan** topples to the ground, his blank face hitting the floor and filling the screen with a bone-on-marble THUNK. A black high heeled shoe gently tips the corpse off its side and onto its back -- as we go to a --

HIGHER ANGLE - TREVELYAN AND XENIA

Xenia, unconcerned, steps away from the body -- and the blood pooling on the tile. Trevelyan has lost none of his certitude of victory -- but he is definitely, at minimum, annoyed.

XENIA
Chances are extremely slim that Bond will figure it out.
(beat)
And slimmer still that he will stop us.

TREVELYAN
Don't underestimate him. Bond has an appalling success rate with infinitesmal chances.
(sharp)
Find him -- and cut them back to zero.

CUT TO:

EXT. **PALACE SQUARE/HERMITAGE** - HIGH ANGLE - SUNSET

The setting sun only enhances this spectacular sight -- on one side is the yellow arch of General Staff Building -- across the snow-carpeted square is the massive state museum of the Hermitage, which now has a group of classical musicians on the steps playing Tchaikovsky.

Scattered throughout the square is a huge crowd, many of whom are wearing Romanov era period costumes, as part of a festival celebrating the era with music and fireworks. Royalty, so long forbidden in Russia, is now back in style. We'll note too that there is no shortage of people on horseback -- both festival goers and the occasional militiaman.

In the middle of it all are

BOND AND MARINA

who sit at the base of the Alexander Column -- a statue atop a huge spire in the square's center -- waiting, as forty feet away, we can see Romaly approaching through the milling crowd. Unfortunately --

SOMEONE ELSE'S TELESCOPIC POV IS ON ROMALY

and it CLICKS in as Romaly reaches Bond and Marina -- we go back to an ordinary POV of --

THE ALEXANDER COLUMN - BOND AND ROMALY

Romaly hands Bond several papers as the festival crowd circulates around them.

ROMALY
Follow these directions to Toksovo --
(Bond glances at them)
-- and you'll find a KRG-33 that a friend of mine has liberated from the old Kharofskav airfield.

Bond smiles at Romaly's resourcefulness -- Marina winces --

MARINA
My first job was in Air Defense Directorate -- that plane is a terrible design --

ROMALY
-- but an excellent price. Where else but Russia can you buy a military plane for two thousand dollars and a case of American bourbon?
(back to business)
I've checked on that name -- Geocom is a new firm, established eighteen months ago to take satelite photographs for petroleum and mining companies.

BOND
That's a perfect cover -- Trevelyan would have all the equipment he needs to activate Tempest. Where is it based?

ROMALY
A small island in the Carribbean called St. Latrelle.
(beat)
There is something puzzling, though, James. You say Trevelyan will fire the weapon tomorrow --
(Bond nods)
-- but London reports that no threat -- no blackmail demand -- no communication of any kind has been made, on any frequency, to any government.

Bond looks perplexed -- this doesn't fit the usual pattern -- but his attention is drawn to the side --

BOND'S POV - **SEVERAL MILITIAMEN**

are shoving through the festival crowd toward Bond's position -- the POV shifts to reveal at least a dozen more are coming from other directions -- as one makes eye contact with Bond, he shouts in Russian and they start moving faster --

BOND

turns to Romaly and Marina --

BOND
(terse)
It's me they're after -- lose yourselves in the crowd --

Marina and Romaly hesitate -- Bond angrily snaps at Romaly --

BOND
For God's sake, get her out of here!

Romaly pulls Marina toward the Hermitage, deftly zig-zagging through the festival crowd --

HIGH ON PALACE SQUARE - BOND RUNS THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION

toward the archway -- the olive-garbed militiamen cut through the more colorfully dressed crowd toward Bond --

-- and finally Bond is grabbed by three militiamen, as --

IN THE CROWD - ROMALY AND MARINA

slice through quickly -- Romaly skillfully cuts off a pursuing militiaman by knocking a faux "noble" to the ground, causing a pedestrian pileup --

-- they serpentine through the crowd -- and pass the steps of the Hermitage -- almost unnoticed --

-- almost --

ON THE HERMITAGE STEPS - **XENIA AND SAVATIER**

see Romaly and Marina -- without a word to each other, they separate and begin to take a parallel path in the street, through the crowd -- as Xenia starts out she casually removes a pair of hoop earrings --

IN THE GENERAL STAFF BUILDING ARCHWAY - BOND

is dragged into the domed passage by the militiamen to face --

-- a grim **Pushkin.**

PUSHKIN
We had a surveillance team tracking your accomplice -- Kosygyn. Don't worry, 007. Soon he and the woman will join us --
(beat)
-- and we will all have a lengthy conversation about so many things.

ON A SIDE STREET - NORTH OF THE HERMITAGE - ROMALY AND MARINA

are quickly moving through the crowd, close to the buildings, in the direction of the Neva's riverbanks -- night has now fallen completely --

MOVING PARALLEL ACROSS THE STREET - **SAVATIER**

keeps his full focus on Romaly and Marina, slicing through the crowd effortlessly, with no pushing, no running, nothing that would draw attention -- as he pulls a plastic shopping bag out of a coat pocket, he strides quickly to pass the position of Marina and Romaly -- and he moves behind a column --

-- where he inobtrusively pulls out an automatic pistol -- with a silencer and a **laser sight** -- assuming a natural position, leaning on the column, Savatier puts the gun in the bag -- through a hole he can **aim across the street** --

SAVATIER'S POV - ROMALY AND MARINA

move briskly but are not running -- Romaly doesn't want to draw attention either -- they don't notice the **red spot of the laser sight** tracking behind them --

SAVATIER

calmly, imperceptibly, moves his hand -- there is nothing suspicious about his appearance, nothing to alert any of the festival crowd --

TIGHT ON ROMALY AND MARINA - **THE LASER**

moves behind their heads -- illuminating the walls, scattering light on glass -- and **overtakes them** --

-- the laser sight rests on Marina's temple -- and holds steady --

SAVATIER'S FINGER

tightens on the trigger --

TIGHT ON ROMALY AND MARINA

as Romaly's attention finally is caught by the laser sight -- knowing what it is, he grabs her and shoves her away as --

SAVATIER

squeezes the trigger twice -- the only evidence is the muffled PFFT-PFFT -- the effect is --

ROMALY IS HIT TWICE IN THE BACK

-- his coat tears open from the bullets' entry -- he falls to the ground --

-- Marina screams -- and sees --

-- Savatier running across the street to finish the job, shoving through the crowd, with no pretense of secrecy left --

-- Romaly looks up at Marina, who is frozen with fear --

ROMALY
(weak)
Run --
(shouts now)
Bezhat!

Marina snaps out of it and runs, down the banks of the Neva --

-- as Savatier reaches Romaly -- and pauses -- aiming down his gun -- the spot is on the bridge of Romaly's nose -- he looks up and spits out an unmistakably foul Russian curse --

ROMALY'S POV OF SAVATIER

standing over him, remorseless -- all Romaly is to him is unfinished work -- blank-faced, he **pulls the trigger** as --

INSIDE THE STAFF BUILDING ARCHWAY - BOND

is being dragged at gunpoint by the militiamen -- they are now well inside the public tunnel-like passage way as festival goers move past them. Pushkin walks alongside Bond -- he seems almost disappointed in him --

PUSHKIN
Assassinating our scientists was needless, 007 -- the weapon has been destroyed --

BOND
(angry)
Has it? Did you find even a scrap of the control computer when you combed through the Severnaya wreckage?

Pushkin's badly conjured poker face answers "no" --

BOND
(urgent)
General -- I know you can't deactivate the weapon. The only person alive who can is that woman, and if I don't get her to the control computer in the next twenty-four hours, the Tempest is going to be fired.
(beat)
Possibly against a Russian target.

As Pushkin chews on that, Bond drives it home, desperate to convince him --

BOND
-- and if your Tempest is used against a Western city tomorrow -- how much longer do you think peace will last?

Pushkin shows little sign of concession -- but he is thinking about it -- even as his aide butts in --

AIDE
(contemptuous)
He is obviously lying, General --

As the aide cites Bond's sins, Bond's attention is drawn ahead in the curving archway --

BOND'S POV - A **"ROYAL COACH"**

is slowly trotting in their direction -- with two attendant costumed **"guardsmen"** on their own horses --

ON BOND

who considers this -- he has two militiamen at his back -- and others surrounding him -- in order to let the coach pass through, the others move to the side -- as the coach and the guardsmen's horses are closest --

-- Bond savagely sweeps an elbow back into a militiaman's jaw, putting him out -- the second militiaman instantly aims his pistol at Bond, but Bond grabs his gunhand -- a SHOT is FIRED up into the ceiling -- the instant it's fired --

-- **all** of the horses, terrified at the noise, **rear up** -- the guardsmen are thrown off their horses, tumbling into colorfully garbed heaps on the concrete -- the militiamen, endangered in the enclosed space, **back up** in disarray --

-- Bond charges past the rearing coach horses -- and **leaps onto a riderless guard horse** -- Bond reins the horse down and away, kicking the horse so that it **tears away at full gallop down through the arch tunnel** --

-- the militiamen who aren't ducking coach horse kicks are blocked from shooting at Bond by the coach itself -- due to the arch tunnel's curvature, Bond is nearly out of range -- but --

PUSHKIN'S AIDE

manages to get clear -- he draws a gun and aims it at Bond -- he has a **perfect shot** --

-- which is spoiled when Pushkin **knocks his arm up toward the ceiling** -- Bond manages to get out of range, rounding the tunnel's curve -- the aide, astonished, angered, turns to

PUSHKIN

whose troubled face shows he isn't sure he can believe Bond -- but he can't afford to take the chance that it wasn't true.

Behind Pushkin, militiamen are shouting into radios -- as --

HIGH SHOT OF PALACE SQUARE - BOND ON HORSEBACK

streaks through the square, parting the crowd ahead of him -- as the first set of fireworks booms out of the Hermitage and blooms over the Neva River --

NEAR THE NEVA'S BANKS - **THE SUMMER GARDEN**

is a sprawling, gorgeous park, now blanketed with snow -- aside from dozens of classical statues, no one is here -- except --

A TERRIFIED MARINA

-- lit for the moment by the fading firework blast above -- she runs in from the street, through a central trail, and down a side trail --

SAVATIER

is running not far behind -- it seems one stride of his equals two of hers -- he follows her trail in the snow --

NEAR THE HERMITAGE - BOND ON HORSEBACK

Bond **halts** his full gallop when he sees a crowd gathered around someone -- we can see the crowd, obscuring the view -- we can see the snow -- we can see the blood -- and we can see --

BOND'S EXPRESSION

when he sees what's left of Romaly -- anguished, furious, he spurs the horse on, toward the Summer Garden -- as --

TIGHT ON MARINA

as she desperately stumbles through the Summer Garden, trying to weave through the thick trees and statues in the darkness --

ON SAVATIER

who is behind her -- calm and confident -- by using statues as visual markers, we can see he's very near Marina, following the trail in the snow -- until he stops -- and looks down --

-- the snow -- and the trail -- ends in a stone clearing that leads to another trail.

Savatier considers for a moment -- and decides to move down that clearing and the trail it leads to -- watching him vanish is

MARINA - HIDING BEHIND A STATUE

and doing her best to keep her heavy breathing silent -- as she hears the SOUNDS of Savatier's steps moving away, she turns to leave, backtracking -- as she passes a statue, another firework display brightens the sky --

-- illuminating, behind Marina, **Xenia** -- she hooks the hoop earrings together and draws out a wire -- now a perfect garrotte that is wrapped around Marina's neck as the firework, and the light, dies out --

AT THE SUMMER GARDEN ENTRANCE - **BOND**

shows up on horseback -- he has no idea where to go in this maze -- we can see as he enters that he's spurring the horse in the wrong direction -- as --

XENIA THROTTLES MARINA

-- Marina struggles and clutches at the wire, but Xenia is far stronger and isn't even working up a sweat -- in Marina's thrashing she kicks at a statue -- the CRACK is heard by

BOND

who turns the horse around -- and gallops at full speed, dodging through the statues and trees -- jumping over a bench -- leaping over a stone wall -- until he sees --

BOND'S POV - **XENIA STRANGLING MARINA**

beyond another stone wall -- the horse leaps the wall -- and --

BOND LEAPS OFF THE HORSE

-- diving straight for Xenia -- Bond knocks Xenia off Marina -- Xenia gets back up instantly --

-- as Marina slumps to the ground, limp and unconscious --

-- nearby, Xenia pulls out a gun -- Bond lashes out, knocking the gun out of her hand and away --

-- but it's the last good shot he gets -- Xenia pivots to powerfully kick Bond in the head -- and applies a leverage hold to **slam Bond against the stone wall with a powerful THUD** -- and with another kick to Bond's sternum, she knocks him totally breathless -- stunned at the relentless assault, Bond can't move --

-- Xenia moves closer to Bond -- flushed, breathing a little faster from the exertion --

XENIA
(mocking her earlier tone)
Please, James -- won't you kill me one more way?

Xenia rips open Bond's jacket -- and with both hands, **pins** Bond against the stone wall -- applying the pressure point over Bond's heart to induce a heart attack --

-- Bond is in agony -- and is too weakened to fight back --

XENIA

is getting a physical thrill from this -- killing men is better than sex -- she presses harder against Bond's chest --

-- but her eyes close in pain with the SOUND of one gunshot -- her grip relaxes, and she has just enough time to look surprised when the **impact of the second gunshot knocks her away from Bond** -- she falls to the snow, dead --

-- Bond turns to see

MARINA

weak, but alive, holding Xenia's smoking gun in trembling hands --

-- Bond moves over to her, regaining his breath, glad to be alive -- more than that -- thrilled that Marina is alive -- Bond helps her up -- unaware that nearby --

SAVATIER

has heard the gunshots and is running back through the Summer Gardens toward the source -- and elsewhere --

OUTSIDE THE SUMMER GARDENS IN THE STREET - MILITIAMEN

are racing toward the park -- there are several cars -- and at least a half a dozen men on horseback --

IN THE SUMMER GARDEN - SAVATIER

has his gun out and runs toward the source of the shots down a main path -- but from the side, the sound of galloping comes just an instant too late to warn him -- he whirls around as --

BOND AND MARINA ON THE HORSE

leap over a stone wall on a side path -- the horse's front leg kicks Savatier and knocks him to the ground --

-- Bond turns the horse to run down the main path and away -- Bond looks like he's back in form -- but Marina, clinging to his back, looks extremely weak --

-- Savatier takes just a second to recover -- he aims the automatic pistol down after Bond and empties the clip -- a dozen rapid SILENCED SHOTS chase

BOND AND MARINA RACING DOWN THE PATH

as the bullets splinter tree branches and shatter parts of statues around them -- finally --

-- Bond steers the horse at full speed out onto a side street -- but there's no relief here --

BOND'S POV - **SIX MILITIAMEN ON HORSEBACK**

are on a direct collision course down this street --

BOND

about-faces the horse and **races up the street** --

FRONT VIEW ON BOND AND MARINA

as Bond's horse runs up the street -- the militiamen behind them start firing at them -- but they're near --

THE STEPS TO A MASSIVE CATHEDRAL

-- Bond steers the horse up the steps to the cathedral -- which has a huge, elaborate grouping of stone neoclassic columns -- fifty feet high, irregularly placed, close together, that go on for at least two hundred yards -- Bond kicks the horse for more speed -- and tears into the columns --

BOND'S POV - **SWERVING THROUGH THE COLUMNS**

dodging left, then right, at top speed -- the darkness keeps them hidden until it's almost too late to cut away -- behind --

THE MILITIAMEN

aren't faring so well -- several are thrown by their horses who refuse to run this weird course -- several more manage to go after Bond but can't maintain his pace --

SIDE VIEW OF BOND THROUGH COLUMNS

Bond swerves left and right, racing through -- the militiamen who have stayed the course are getting the hang of it -- and are catching up --

BOND'S POV - THE END OF THE COLUMNS

comes up fast -- but Bond will not give this horse a break, pushing it full speed down the opposite steps --

-- and reaching a side street with a frozen canal -- Bond races the horse down the street, alongside the canal and toward the Neva -- the horsemen still behind him -- however --

FRONT VIEW OF BOND

as he pushes the horse harder still -- what he sees ahead doesn't please him --

BOND'S POV - **A PAIR OF MILITIA CARS**

-- are pulling off a side street in front of Bond -- effectively boxing him in --

HIGH ANGLE - BOND PINNED BETWEEN HORSES BEHIND, CARS AHEAD

As the militia cars approach -- and the horses behind speed up -- Bond doesn't let up -- he races toward the approaching cars until a collision seems imminent -- at the last possible second --

-- Bond abruptly veers the horse toward the canal's wall -- down a set of cut concrete steps -- and **onto the frozen canal itself** --

ON THE STREET - THE MILITIA CARS COLLIDE

as they brake and skid to try to avoid running over the horses -- the militia on horseback have similar trouble, rearing up their horses to avoid impact -- meanwhile --

BOND SPURS ON THE HORSE DOWN THE ICED CANAL

-- there's no sign of him slowing down -- Bond and Marina crouch down to go through a low bridge on the bank of the Neva --

CLOSE ON THE ICE

which seems just solid enough -- with each SLAM from a hoof, there is the sound of a CRACK in the ice --

THE MILITIAMEN

are agog and can do nothing but stare -- Bond is already out of shooting range -- and none of these guys want Bond badly enough to test the ice any further than Bond is --

MILITIAMEN POV - LONG SHOT OF BOND ON THE NEVA

As another firework display lights up the sky with a BOOM -- Bond and Marina ride out from under the bridge -- and gallop across the distant darkness of the Neva -- until --

AT THE OPPOSITE BANK OF THE NEVA - BOND AND MARINA

reach the shore -- the horse slows down to a trot -- but Marina, weakened, is groggy and slipping off. Bond quickly, smoothly dismounts -- and picks her up, taking her off the horse and leaning her against a tree on the riverbank.

Bond takes her face in his hands -- and looks at her, checking her neck -- it's bruised from the garrotte --

BOND
Marina -- are you hurt?

Marina revives -- lightly shakes her head "no" -- and puts her hands over the tear in Bond's shirt -- their breathing is still quickened, but no longer because of the danger --

MARINA
(weakly)
I thought -- you were --

Bond stops her -- tilting up her face, he goes in for a light taste of a kiss -- then a stronger one -- and as she throws her arms around him they go into a kiss that will last for the rest of the night.

ANOTHER FIREWORK BURSTS

over the Russian sky -- and we --

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTER SPACE - **TEMPEST TWO**

is tracking through space silently -- beneath it, a world full of targets waits. Meanwhile -- at --

INT. **NATO COMMUNICATIONS/CONTROL CENTER** - DAY

This is NATO's center for controlling their offensive and defensive space systems -- and tracking those of the opposition. To that end, a giant screen on one wall has a computer-generated holographic type globe -- with a number of red lights pinpointed at different positions on it and moving above the "earth". Right now the place is crowded with technicians and activity -- we go to --

A COMPUTER TERMINAL

where a TECHNICIAN is busily working on a screen -- but not fast enough to suit Q, who hovers over him --

Q
(exasperated)
No no no --
(takes over, hits keys)
-- like that. Do you see?

As Q, disgusted, sits down to completely take over the analyst's work station, M walks over with an American counterpart, ORBACH.

M
Status, Q?

Q
We've analyzed all foreign satelites and their transmissions to try to find what means of camoflage is being used. First by starting with debris of a certain size jettisoned by spacecraft in the past --

Q hits a few keys -- eliminating many of the red dots on the global screen --

Q
-- then satelites that seem to have an overlapping or redundant purpose --

Q hits the screen again -- leaving only two dots moving at different points on the global display --

Q
-- finally narrowing it down to these two -- which have been broadcasting data in hundred-hour loops -- but they keep repeating the same data randomly.
(concludes)
So randomly that it's obviously by design.

Another TECHNICIAN at the next terminal turns to Orbach --

TECHNICIAN
(to Orbach)
We've dispatched ASATs to track both of them -- awaiting your go code --

ORBACH
(smug)
Then go --

They all move to another pair of terminals -- Orbach claps a hand on M's back --

ORBACH
Remember the old days? When we actually had to worry about this shit?
(beat)
Our hunter-killers are equipped with lasers -- these bastards'll never even see 'em coming --

IN OUTER SPACE - **A HUNTER-KILLER ANTI-SATELITE WEAPON**

fires a jet of compressed gas to steer it upward, into position, toward the Tempest Two -- as --

IN ANOTHER PART OF OUTER SPACE - **ANOTHER ASAT WEAPON**

moves downward like a bird of prey toward the Tempest Three --

BACK IN THE NATO COMMAND CENTER - AT ASAT TERMINAL

there are two television screens that come to life -- in effect, the "gun cameras" of the ASATs, with a perfect view of the downward and upward approaches toward the Tempest weapons --

-- the ASAT controls are being deftly worked by the technicians -- as M, Q and Orbach watch with different degrees of fascination and anxiety -- they don't see that

IN OUTER SPACE - CLOSE ON **TEMPEST TWO**

has an automated sensor system that **activates** with a winking red light -- a second later --

-- the Tempest Two silently fires up a metal ball -- and begins to move away --

IN NATO COMMAND CENTER - AT ASAT TERMINALS

Can-do confidence quickly reverts to confusion --

TECHNICIAN #1
-- it's fired something --

IN OUTER SPACE - **THE METAL BALL**

is a cluster bomb -- it suddenly **blasts apart in a single silent explosion** that rains disabling shrapnel on the ASAT, shredding it -- it's now totally inoperable --

IN NATO COMMAND CENTER

Panic is the watchword -- ad libs like "what the fuck was that?" are flying as that ASAT screen blanks out --

-- and we find our way to another intense TECHNICIAN, who's watching the active ASAT screen --

IN OUTER SPACE - **TEMPEST THREE**

reacts with similar mechanical aplomb as the ASAT moves in from above -- it jettisons a half dozen domino sized objects --

IN NATO COMMAND CENTER - THE TECHNICIAN

is trying to do something -- Orbach is apoplectic --

ORBACH
-- evade -- evade --

TECHNICIAN #2
(panicked)
-- I can't --

IN OUTER SPACE - THE ASAT

tries to move away -- but the dominos are obviously **magnetic** and move with it -- accelerating toward it until they impact and **silently explode**, blasting the ASAT to dust --

IN NATO COMMAND CENTER - AT ASAT TERMINALS

There is stunned silence as the second ASAT "gun camera" screen bursts into blank static. Orbach looks as though he just played a five hundred million dollar video game and lost.

ORBACH
Well, gentlemen -- grab some seats -- make yourselves comfortable -- and start making bets on where those things are going to be fired --
(beat)
-- it looks like all we're going to be able to do is watch.

CUT TO:

EXT. **BOND'S PLANE** - ABOVE CARRIBBEAN ISLANDS - DAY

It's morning -- the plane, a long distance observer model, looks weathered but is hanging together as it flies low above a string of islands that form a dotted line across the water --

INSIDE THE COCKPIT - MARINA

is seated next to Bond -- she's intently working on a laptop computer, as Bond looks down at

THE ISLANDS

as they pass by underneath -- they are working definititons of the term "flyspeck islands" -- small, low-to-no technology, not even much in the way of population -- we cut back to --

MARINA'S COMPUTER SCREEN

which is a sea of scrolling numbers -- right now, the display shows a series of mathematical computations that move down the screen in a speedy blur. What's happening is that sixteen digit numeral groupings on the left side of the screen are being converted into many more numeral groupings on the right side. This may not make sense to you, but it's ringing some bells for

MARINA

whose face shows she recognizes the type of program, if not the utilization.

MARINA
Makvenio's created some kind of intercept cipher. We used to use them on American frequencies to --

BOND
-- intercept a coded transmission and redirect it to the frequency of your choice.
(smiles)
We still use them in all sorts of places.

Marina keeps punching keys, trying to make some sense of it --

MARINA
But this one is unusual. Instead of redirecting a single coded message to a single receptor -- it redirects its coded message in eight directions. Or four. Or fourteen. Or thirty. There's no consistency to it.

Bond motions ahead --

BOND
There it is --

POV OUT COCKPIT WINDOW - **THE ISLAND**

BOND (O.S.)
-- St. Latrelle.

This is the largest of the islands -- it's covered with thick vegetation and ringed by a jungle of massive, seventy foot trees. Further in toward the center, we can see the island seems to be honeycombed with caves -- the mouths of caverns can be seen in the sides of mountains and on the island floor itself.

The most remarkable thing about the island, however, is the "Geocom" complex, ringed by guards and barbed wire fences. Probably a bit too much security for an installation like this. Its centerpiece is a gigantic radio dish antenna that's sunken into the island.

A pair of bridges that house broadcast equipment criss-cross the dish -- perhaps six hundred feet across -- and from the intersection of the bridges to the bottom of the curved dish is a drop of at least five hundred feet.

INSIDE THE PLANE - BOND AND MARINA

stare down at the complex -- Marina seems a bit more impressed than Bond --

MARINA
With an antenna that size, he can broadcast a signal to the Tempest satelites on a long waveform frequency --

BOND
-- instead of a short directed burst. NATO won't be looking for that. So both the satelites and the signal stations are camoflaged. It's brilliant --

Bond's grim admiration is cut short by a **sudden burst of machine gun fire tearing through the bottom of the right side of the cockpit** -- as Marina SCREAMS and moves back, Bond veers the plane left and away -- in time to see --

A SLEEK MILITARY FIGHTER HELICOPTER

WHIRRING up into view -- the copter, with no rear rotor, is designed specifically for manueverability -- a feature it shows off by zooming straight up out of the mountains to pull level with Bond's plane, then pull a ninety-degree turn on a dime to face Bond's cockpit --

ON BOND

The helicopter is directly ahead -- Bond hits an overhead toggle switch and punches a button on the control panel labelled "FRONT MACHINE GUNS" -- he's rewarded with nothing but a shower of sparks from the panel --

-- and a **hail of bullets** from the helicopter --

-- Bond sharply steers away, **diving** toward a group of mountains -- the helicopter right behind --

BOND
(exasperated)
-- Who built this bloody plane? --

MARINA
Air Defense Collective Nine -- in Minsk --
(as more SPARKS fire)
-- we lost more pilots in training exercises than in entire Afghan war --

BOND'S PLANE DIVES LOW OVER A SET OF MOUNTAINS

and his problems **multiply** --

THREE MORE ATTACK HELICOPTERS

shoot up vertically from the mountains -- behind, to the left, and to the right -- and join the pursuit, flying in formation all around Bond's plane --

-- as one copter **FIRES a side-mounted air-to-air missile** -- Bond **dodges** -- the missile just misses his wing and BLASTS against the ground --

INSIDE ONE OF THE COPTERS - THE GUNNER

focuses his targeting system on Bond's plane -- finger about to hit the red button --

BOND TAKES THE PLANE INTO A STEEP DIVE TOWARD THE DISH

-- as two copters follow Bond and two fall back, Bond flies --

INTO THE DISH AND UNDER THE BRIDGES - BOND'S PLANE

follows the curvature of the dish as closely as possible -- it's a temporary refuge, as they can't fire at him here -- and he flies a tight spiral halfway down the dish -- as --

ON THE DISH'S INTERSECTING BRIDGES - ARMED GUARDS

who are unlucky enough to be on the bridge fire machine guns at Bond's plane -- but the plane is moving too fast --

WIDE VIEW ON DISH - AS THE PLANE AND COPTERS CIRCLE

-- one copter pulls out -- the playground is too crowded -- but the other one hangs directly behind Bond's plane as it circles around the inside of the dish --

BOND

struggles with the plane's lousy controls -- and sees ahead --

BOND'S POV - ON THE DISH'S INTERSECTING BRIDGES - A GUARD

has moved to a better position and is ready to shoot --

BOND

desperately pulls back on the rattling stick -- and

THE PLANE BLASTS OVER THE BRIDGE

and **out of the dish** as the guard FIRES at it -- unfortunately, as the copter is right behind Bond's plane --

-- some of the guard's machine gun fire CHEWS the copter's tail -- and --

THE COPTER GOES OUT OF CONTROL

as it tries to rise out of the dish -- **it collides with the lip of the dish and EXPLODES**, cartwheeling up and over the edge --

BOND'S PLANE

gets no break whatsoever -- the other three helicopters eagerly move in again, left, right and rear, as Bond clears the dish --

INSIDE THE PLANE - BOND AND MARINA

are surrounded by bullets that tear up the fuselage in a three-way crossfire --

INSIDE ONE OF THE HELICOPTERS - A GUNNER

fires down an air-to-air missile toward Bond's plane --

BOND'S PLANE DODGES

as the missile streaks past his wing to impact with the ground --

-- the three helicopters now have Bond effectively trapped -- he can't go up, left or right -- and **they're driving him toward a grouping of mountains** --

CLOSE ON BOND

as he looks ahead for any avenue of escape --

BOND'S POV - THE MOUTH OF A HUGE CAVERN

is built into the slab of mountain rock that he's being driven toward -- it looks just big enough for a plane, if you're a psycho -- or as desperate as

BOND

who focuses entirely on the hole, even as bullets continue to tear up the fuselage -- he steers away from his escort helicopters -- and as Marina SHRIEKS --

OUTER VIEW - **THE PLANE FLIES INTO THE MOUTH OF THE CAVERN**

with a few feet clearance on each wingtip -- the left and right attack helicopters shear off, straight up the wall --

-- as the rear attack copter remains on Bond's six, **following him in** --

BOND

struggles with the miserable controls as Marina struggles with her breathing --

BOND'S POV - **THE CAVERN**

angles upward at a forty-five degree angle -- and it's not getting wider -- it is, however, shifting the angle of its width -- Bond has to delicately tilt the the plane left, then right, to keep the wings from impacting against the cavern sides -- and for all of this --

THE PLANE'S FUSELAGE

is still being ripped up by rapid twin machine gun fire from behind --

BEHIND BOND'S PLANE - THE HELICOPTER

is pulling quite a stunt itself, but as it's smaller, is having an easier time than Bond -- the gunner keeps firing at Bond's tail -- in retrospect, maybe this is not the best idea Bond's ever had -- but --

IN BOND'S COCKPIT - BOND

sees light at the end of the cavernous tunnel -- and he reaches to the upper control panel to pull a handle -- it doesn't work -- Bond savagely YANKS it down again --

OVER THE WINGS OF BOND'S PLANE - A MIST

flows over the top as a row of narrow vents open on the front of each wing --

IN THE TRAILING HELICOPTER - COCKPIT POV

A cloud in Bond's trail, filling the cavern, is heading fast for the helicopter -- the pilot, panicked, knows what this is --

PILOT
-- no -- stop shooting --

But the gunner keeps FIRING as they head into the cloud --

CLOSE ON HELICOPTER'S FRONT MACHINE GUN - THE FIRE

ignites the cloud -- and --

THE HELICOPTER IS ENGULFED IN AN EXPLOSION

as the gas cloud ignites itself and everything flammable inside the helicopter --

VIEW OUTSIDE MOUNTAIN - BOND'S PLANE BURSTS FROM THE CAVERN

as the **EXPLOSION** and gaseous trail of fire follows him out -- almost reaching his wings as he outdistances it --

IN THE COCKPIT - BOND

reaches up and pushes the handle back in -- as his hand moves away we see it's labelled **"FUEL DUMP"** --

OUTER VIEW - BOND'S PLANE

pulls up sharply -- but is attacked by the two remaining helicopters, raining machine gun fire on the wings --

BOND

struggles with the stick -- but there's no lift -- he looks out --

BOND'S POV OUT COCKPIT - THE WING

is on now on fire -- and the flaps are blowing loose -- Bond's POV shifts out the front windshield --

-- **one helicopter is at twelve o'clock high and moving in** --

IN THE COCKPIT - BOND

gets out of the seat quickly -- and opens the storage compartment behind the seats -- inside is --

-- **one** parachute --

-- Bond looks at Marina -- takes the parachute -- and straps it on himself -- as he pulls on the last buckle --

MARINA
(desperate)
What are you doing?

Through the front cockpit window, we can see the helicopter has fired an air-to-air missile -- **dead on target** --

-- as Bond grabs Marina -- and runs the last parachute strap through her belt, lashing them together --

BOND
Hoping the workmanship was better at People's Parachute Factory Six --

-- Bond pulls the release latch over the door --

OVERVIEW OF PLANE - BOND AND MARINA

hurl themselves out the door, tumbling together into space as the **missile hits the plane and EXPLODES** --

-- **blasting the entire plane into debris that shoots around** --

BOND AND MARINA - FALLING

Bond moves over Marina to shield her from the smaller, flaming debris that's everywhere -- they're also not too far from the partially-intact, wingless fuselage of the plane that's going down ahead of them like a flaming missile -- Bond looks up --

BOND'S POV - THE HELICOPTERS

are, menacingly, not giving chase -- they're keeping their distance -- because when Bond pulls the ripcord, he's dead meat -- Bond's POV shifts down --

-- to the ground far below -- jungle foliage, mountains -- and some distance away, the mouth of a deep vertical cavern --

ON BOND'S FACE

as he decides -- it's their only chance --

OVERVIEW OF BOND AND MARINA

falling behind the streaking, smoking fuselage -- Bond stabilizes the fall, flattening out -- he is **aiming their bodies toward the mouth of the cavern** -- as --

IN ONE HELICOPTER - THE PILOT

sees this and realizes what Bond's up to --

CLOSE ON MARINA

as she looks down, terrified -- this isn't the best way to do your first jump -- she looks up, over Bond's shoulder -- and is not cheered --

MARINA'S POV - THE HELICOPTER

is coming down fast on their six -- and firing twin machine guns at them --

OVERVIEW - BOND AND MARINA, HELICOPTER, AND FUSELAGE

are in a race to the ground -- the fuselage is a second away from impact --

-- Bond and Marina are not far behind, in the trail of smoke from the fuselage -- and about twenty yards behind them -- the helicopter is matching their angle of descent perfectly --

BOND'S POV - THE GROUND

is coming up fast -- there are only seconds to go -- but there are still bullets blazing all around them --

BOND ROLLS OVER

so he is underneath Marina -- and draws out his gun, FIRING up into the helicopter's cockpit -- as, underneath him --

THE PLANE FUSELAGE

impacts against the ground with a blast of smoke and metal --

HELICOPTER COCKPIT POV - THROUGH THE SMOKE - **BOND**

is FIRING up as the copter is FIRING down -- one of Bond's SHOTS goes through the windshield, shattering it into a spiderweb of cracks -- another apparently hits the control panel, because it's SPARKING like crazy --

OVERVIEW - THROUGH THE SMOKE - THE HELICOPTER

takes a nose dive toward the flaming fuselage wreckage -- as

BOND AND MARINA BARELY CLEAR THE LIP OF THE HOLE

and fall into the unknown -- as

THE HELICOPTER IMPACTS AGAINST THE FUSELAGE

and the resulting tangle of flaming wreckage **rolls and skids** toward the edge of the hole -- as

INSIDE THE HOLE - BOND AND MARINA

tumble -- they can't see the bottom -- they can't see the top -- Bond **pulls the ripcord** -- and the chute's canopy opens -- and **holds** --

-- Bond and Marina spiral, rapidly corkscrewing down the hole, definitely not out of danger -- the chute could snag on the rocks or they could be crushed against the walls --

ON THE EDGE - **THE FUSELAGE/COPTER WRECKAGE**

smashes to the lip -- and very precariously dangles there -- as rocks supporting it start to crumble underneath -- as --

BOND AND MARINA SPIRAL DOWN

-- and small falling rocks prompt Bond to look up --

BOND'S POV - AROUND CHUTE'S CANOPY

Bond's view is blocked by the chute's canopy -- as they spiral around once, Bond can see, high above, the flaming wreckage perched on the edge --

-- as the next turn blocks his view, there is the RUMBLING SOUND of rocks collapsing -- when the canopy clears --

-- Bond sees tons of flaming wreckage falling into the hole --

BOND

desperately looks down --

BOND'S POV - THROUGH THE DARKNESS - A SIDE CAVERN ENTRANCE

is twenty feet below -- and on the opposite side of the hole --

BOND ROUGHLY STEERS THE PARACHUTE

toward the cavern's mouth -- and just under the falling wreckage -- shooting into

THE SIDE CAVERN

just as two tons of flaming steel plummet past the hole like a meteorite --

-- their speed unchecked, Bond twists his body to keep Marina from impacting against a cavern wall -- instead Bond painfully SLAMS his side against a cavern wall -- he and Marina land in a heap as the sound of the wreckage's impact BOOMS several hundred feet below -- and --

OVER THE HOLE - THE REMAINING HELICOPTER

lowers to the hole and hovers over it as smoke trails out --

INSIDE THE SIDE CAVERN - BOND AND MARINA

Bond has had the breath knocked out of him -- he winces in pain as a worried Marina undoes the parachute's latches --

AT THE EDGE OF THE HOLE - THE HELICOPTER

has landed -- and the pilot has secured a length of climbing line to the edge -- the gunner, harnessed to a motorized ascent/descent device, lowers himself into the hole with a motorized WHIRR --

INSIDE THE SIDE CAVERN - BOND AND MARINA

Bond weakly gets up with Marina's help, and leans on the cavern wall --

MARINA
Are you hurt?

Bond doesn't answer -- he hears the mechanized WHIRR approach --

BOND
-- step back -- now --

INSIDE THE HOLE - THE GUNNER

descends, swaying through the smoke -- his gun out, looking down for any sign of life that can be snuffed out --

-- as he nears the cavern -- some smoke clears and the gunner sees Bond -- with one hand he brakes the A/D mechanism, with the other he aims the machine gun --

OVERHEAD VIEW - BOND DIVES FOR THE LINE

SLAMMING into the gunner and grabbing the front harness -- the gunner's SHOTS go wild as the force of Bond's leap swings them back against the wall of the hole -- from the flames below we can see they're at least three hundred feet up -- -- as they hit the wall, Bond SLAMS the gunner's hand against the stone, forcing him to drop the gun -- as they start a return swing back --

-- the gunner punches Bond, loosening Bond's grip on the harness -- and the gunner withdraws a combat knife --

-- but Bond grabs the gunner's wrist -- and forces the knife down to sever the cloth harness -- as the swing ends against the wall with another SLAM --

-- the gunner is stunned by the impact and falls out with a SCREAM -- leaving Bond clinging to the A/D mechanism --

AT THE TOP EDGE OF THE HOLE - THE PILOT

hears the nearing, WHIRRING sound of the A/D -- he's crouched over the edge, peering into the smoke, as --

-- the smoke and hot air lift out the empty parachute canopy -- the cloth flies in the pilot's face -- annoyed, he tears it off and flips it away -- as --

BOND (O.S.)
Good morning --

Bond's arm lashes up -- grabs the startled pilot by the shirt -- and pulls him into the hole with a YELL as --

-- Bond and Marina rise out of the hole on the A/D. Bond helps Marina out of the hole -- and balls up the parachute, throwing it back into the hole.

BOND
He should have kept that.
(eyes helicopter)
Let's have a closer look at that dish.

As they step into the helicopter -- we cut to --

EXT. OVERHEAD VIEW - ON DISH AND BOND'S HELICOPTER

The copter is flying low over the ground and foliage, removed from the dish's perimeter --

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER - BOND AND MARINA'S UPWARD POV

is of the huge triangular/circular metal configuration suspended six hundred feet above the dish's center by a trio of towers.

MARINA (O.S.)
That's the transmitter.

ON BOND AND MARINA IN COPTER

Bond checks the electronic control panel --

BOND
There are no missiles left --
(considers)
-- if I tried to fly into it, those guards would cut us to pieces.

Marina looks over to the ground -- and points --

MARINA
Take us down over there.

ON THE COPTER TRACKING LOW TOWARD ONE OF THE TOWERS

We'll notice there's a key wire -- not a support wire -- leading from the transmitter to the base of this tower.

EXT. BASE OF TOWER ON HILLSIDE - THE HELICOPTER

has landed behind it -- as its rotors slow and stop, Bond and Marina are at the door of the tower. The tower itself looks like a lighthouse -- tall, cylindrical and narrowing as it rises. Bond pries the door open with a bar -- and --

INSIDE THE BOTTOM ROOM OF THE TOWER

is a bank of electronic equipment. This is where the wire from the transmitter leads to. Marina eyes the equipment -- which is booted up and operating.

MARINA
If he's using a long waveform to broadcast, this must be the signal amplifier --
(beat)
-- this is the juncture between the control computer and the dish.

BOND
So if we destroy it -- ?

MARINA
(shakes her head)
He's certain to have backups. He could still send the signal out.

Bond moves into the room -- part of the amplification equipment is a systems maintenance computer terminal.

BOND
This is hooked into the control computer -- can you access it and activate the destruct code?

MARINA
(unsure)
Makvenio designed the defenses against computer break-ins --
(eyes equipment)
-- and this junk is just used for systems maintenance. I don't know, James --

BOND
You've got to try, Marina. It's the best shot we have.

Bond gives her a light kiss -- and moves out the door --

BOND
I'll come back for you later --

MARINA
Where are you going?

BOND
To shut this down at the source.

Bond returns to the helicopter -- as we --

CUT TO:

INT. **THE MAIN COMPUTER ROOM** - HIGH ANGLE

This is the heart of Trevelyan's control complex -- it looks like the New York Stock Exchange as designed by Ken Adam. The room is filled with activity, with COMPUTER TECHNICIANS at work on a set of keyboards that control dozens of monitors, installed in banks four high along the walls -- each with a sea of numbers and figures in dollars, yen, pounds and deuchmarks.

TREVELYAN

enters -- looking satisfied. A man who wants to savor everything about the day. Savatier is behind him, carrying a metal briefcase -- and the two cross over to a central computer that's not dissimilar to the one we saw in Severnaya. Above it is a visual targeting screen with a graphic of the world -- and pinpoints that show where the Tempest satelites are in relation to the rest of the world.

Stopping there, Savatier opens the metal briefcase -- and removes the Tempest control computer from foam padding, turning it over to a head TECHNICIAN.

In seconds, the technician has installed it in its docking station.

TREVELYAN
Enter the target for today --
(smiling)
-- New York City.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE VIEW OF ISLAND - THE HELICOPTER

circles around it -- further back from the dish is a cliff wall over the ocean, with numerous large caverns cut into it --

-- and on top of the volcanic rock, behind one of the towers, is a flat clearing -- on a hillside near one of the support towers is a small building that obviously serves as the entrance to the underground compound, and a maintenance catwalk that leads out to the dish's transmitter.

IN THE HELICOPTER - BOND

pulls the copter up and toward the clearing -- he's now wearing the specs and helmet of the pilot.

This is a landing/maintenance area for the helicopters --there are four landing circles. Bond hovers over the one nearest the maintenance shed -- which we'll note has a large tank of aviation fuel near it, with metal piping that runs into the ground. Bond lowers the copter as the sole GROUND CREWMAN runs up to the door.

GROUND CREWMAN
What the hell happened up there?

Bond answers with a direct kick to the head -- the crewman topples, and Bond gets out, dragging him to the shed.

A MOMENT LATER - BOND

emerges from the shed -- wearing the crewman's hat and jacket. Bond crosses the rock to

A CAGE FREIGHT ELEVATOR

that's built into the edge of another vertical cavern -- a huge natural elevator shaft. Bond steps in -- and moves it down --

BOND'S POV - THE FIRST LEVEL

As the elevator grinds past fifty feet of rock, Bond sees through the cage wire a cave that's been converted into a military style storeroom -- crates piled four and five high, neatly arranged and stacked, separated by wire divisions.

BOND

gets out -- no one else seems to be here -- and has a look around. The storage level looks like Charles Foster Kane's attic -- it goes on and on -- and Bond looks with some alarm at one of the crate groupings behind a wire cage --

-- it's piled with crates full of metal cannisters, and warnings in Cyrillic and English script -- "DANGER - NEUROTOXIC AGENTS".

Bond moves ahead through the huge storage space, looking left and right, and finding more of the same.

Crates housing high-tech machine guns -- shoulder-fired missile launchers -- fuel-air weapons -- land mines -- blocks of Semtex plastic explosive -- and other weapons of mass destruction.

Bond pauses at a crate of Semtex -- at the sound of some approaching GUARDS, he grabs a block -- and crouching low behind other crates, moves quickly to a ladder and hatchway that take him down to

THE SECOND LEVEL

which is another huge cave that has been converted to a tight but usable airplane hangar. There is a wide opening at the far end of the cave -- wide enough to allow planes to fly in or out, and a tripwire on a runway to allow aircraft carrier style landings.

The hangar is stocked with several dozen military fighters of multinational origin -- Russian, American, Chinese, German. The planes look new -- and well-maintained.

BOND

moves through the hangar -- split between awe at this private armory and horror at what someone like Trevelyan could do with it. Bond stops at one of the planes in the middle of the hangar -- and affixes the Semtex to it.

Bond then removes his Rolex -- and takes off the back of it. The rear disc has a spike that extends from the center -- Bond sticks it into the Semtex -- as --

IN THE MAINTENANCE SHED ABOVE - A PAIR OF GUARDS

have found the maintenance man Bond clobbered -- one gets out his radio -- as --

IN THE SECOND LEVEL - BOND

pulls back a slide on the disc, priming it -- a red light on the disk is winking slowly but rythmically -- Bond looks to his watch --

ON THE WATCH - A MATCHING RED LIGHT

is winking in perfect synch with that of the detonator --

BOND

backs away from the plane -- and runs toward the elevator doors. Bond opens the cage doors -- and as the elevator isn't there, he moves into the shaft and climbs up a service ladder. But as he passes the first level, and the elevator stopped there --

-- from inside the elevator there are the warning clicks of a pair of machine guns from the guards inside. Bond freezes -- and looks up --

-- at the top of the shaft, two more guards wait -- both aiming their guns down at Bond.

INT. UNDERGROUND COMPLEX - HALLWAY

This has a decidedly more high-tech look about it than the caves -- with a pair of guards flanking him, Bond is led from the elevator entrance and through a hall, to --

THE MAIN COMPUTER ROOM - BOND

is led down to the center of the tower of computer monitors -- where Trevelyan is waiting. Whatever annoyance Trevelyan feels at Bond's presence is ultimately overcome by the fact that it was expected -- and the fact that Bond is at his mercy.

TREVELYAN
James Bond.
(notes tattered appearance)
Even Rasputin had the courtesy to die after the fourth attempt on his life.
(beat)
Where is Miss Varoskaya?

BOND
(grim)
Dead.

Trevelyan doesn't believe him -- he nods to a pair of guards, who exit.

TREVELYAN
She will be, soon enough.

Bond steps further into the center of the computer room, taking it all in.

BOND
Your armory is impressive, Trevelyan. But I wouldn't have bought so many Russian airplanes.

TREVELYAN
(casual)
Oh, I have American weaponry as well. It's as easy to find. I'm stocking them here, and in several other locations, for --
(searches for phrase)
-- an opportune moment. The world is changing, James. We must change with it.
(beat)
I left the British empire just as it stuttered to a halt -- and I had a parade-view seat for the end of the Soviet empire. Both of them ended for exactly the same reason -- for want of money.
(beat)
It's time to think, perhaps, about building a new one. With the money I'm about to receive, I will be prepared when the next opportunity comes.

Bond smiles pityingly at Trevelyan.

BOND
It's rather sad, Augustus. You used to have quite a mind.
(eyes computer screens)
International banking codes -- you're preparing to launder your money a little prematurely, I think.
(turns back to Trevelyan)
You can't be so far gone that you think you'll actually be able to keep it. Our service will follow the delivery boy right to your doorstep.
(condescending)
At any rate, I think you'll find that ten billion dollars hasn't been adequate empire-building capital for at least a century.

Trevelyan responds to this baiting with a booming laugh --

TREVELYAN
Ten billion?
(amused)
James -- you have lost your imagination.

Bond eyes Trevelyan -- and the computers -- considering the factors --

BOND
You've set up wire transfers to Tokyo, Bern, the Bahamas, Stuttgart -- but they're all sourced in New York --
(starting to get it)
-- you have Makvenio's intercept cipher to redirect codes --

Bond turns to face a proud, grinning Trevelyan as it hits him --

BOND
Of course -- you've broken into a finance computer for a wire theft.

Trevelyan moves into the midst of the computers with Bond.

TREVELYAN
Credit is due, James -- I've broken into the finance computer, for the wire theft. The clearing house computer for overseas wire transactions in the World Trade Center.
(modestly)
I had one of my men in place as new security protocols were created after the unfortunate bombing there.

The enormity of it starts to hit Bond --

BOND
They must process over a trillion dollars worth of wire transactions daily --

TREVELYAN
A trillion and a half. But I'm not greedy, James. I have my eye on a mere six hundred billion.
(motions around)
These computers can reroute the transfers into thousands of accounts I control -- and reroute them again through a labyrinth of deutchmarks, yen and francs on the international currency exchange -- all in a matter of seconds.

BOND
Just before the Tempest goes off over New York.
(Trevelyan nods)
It'll destroy the proof of the theft -- the computer itself -- and all the recorded data.
(beat)
As well as a million people.

Trevelyan is genuinely unconcerned.

TREVELYAN
A matter of accounting. We're both men who've had to make decisions about human lives, James. What it costs to spare them -- what it costs to take them -- what it costs us to make that choice --
(shrugs)
Six hundred billion dollars balanced against one million lives?
(beat)
Merely dust on the globe.

BOND
The theft will be traced --

Trevelyan laughs again --

TREVELYAN
To whom? To what? New York City in flames from a "terrorist" attack -- Washington and Moscow scrambling to blame each other for the incident and cover up the true cause? Searching for deposit slips in the rubble will be the last thing on anyone's mind.
(beat)
By tomorrow, I'll have withdrawn the money -- and, in fact, I expect to make a handsome profit on the currency exchange.
(smiles)
I'm playing a hunch that the dollar will take a sharp drop this afternoon.

Trevelyan turns as the door slides open through the cage entrance --

AT THE DOOR - MARINA

is being brought in by Savatier and a pair of guards.

GUARD
We found her in the west tower --
(beat)
-- at a computer terminal.

TREVELYAN

is rattled -- this is exactly what he's wanted to prevent all along. He turns to the head technician at the Tempest console.

TREVELYAN
Run a systems check -- on everything.
(to Savatier)
Stay with the transmitter. I don't want any more surprises.

As Savatier leaves and Trevelyan works on damage control, a look passes between Bond and Marina -- a look that tells us she's unsure about how successful her tampering was. Bond turns from her, not wanting to give anything away.

Trevelyan returns his attention to Bond and Marina, his friendly demeanor vanished.

TREVELYAN
I thought I told you early on in your training, James -- never bring a woman into combat with you. When you do, you bring a second heart.
(beat)
A second target.

A computer beeping turns Trevelyan back around --

TECHNICIAN
(cocky)
I've found it --
(as Trevelyan heads over)
-- it's not very well done. She linked the go code to the satelite's destruct code. If we signalled it to fire, it would have self-destructed instead.
(hits some keys)
But now it's deleted.

TREVELYAN
(regaining composure)
Retarget the satelite for New York.

As the technician taps it out, we go to --

THE TEMPEST CONTROL SCREEN

which shows, among other things, this display --

LOCATION: 126.23.50.94
PRIMARY TARGET: 73.09.41.13

As before, the location number is starting to roll over rapidly to match the target location --

IN OUTER SPACE - TEMPEST TWO

fires compressed gas jets to speed silently toward the target --

IN THE COMPUTER CENTER - TREVELYAN

steps over to Bond and Marina, again in control.

TREVELYAN
(to Marina)
I expected more from you. But I suppose I owe you the opportunity to watch the device you designed go to work. After all, I couldn't have managed this without you.
(smiles)
Thank you, Miss Varoskaya.

ON THE TRANSACTION COMPUTER SCREENS

We MOVE across them to get an idea of the scale of this operation: on this grouping of computer screens, over **fifty thousand** wire transactions are in place, waiting to be unleashed -- though the transaction figures are in different denominations, none of them are less than five figures --

ON THE VISUAL TRACKING SCREEN FOR TEMPEST

The Tempest Two is moving from a far west, far north position over Canada -- and is tracking south and east rapidly --

-- but to the technician watching this, something's wrong -- he nervously compares the satelite's visual position with

THE TEMPEST CONTROL COMPUTER SCREEN

which shows:

LOCATION: 111.23.39.17
PRIMARY TARGET: 73.09.41.13

As we watch the screen and the location number change, the target number also abruptly changes -- to lock in at --

LOCATION: 111.23.39.17
PRIMARY TARGET: 69.13.17.20

THE TECHNICIAN

looks up again -- worried --

TECHNICIAN
-- the satelite's trajectory -- it's off target --

Trevelyan turns --

TREVELYAN
How far off target?

Another technician maps the trajectory on the visual display screen --

TECHNICIAN #2
It's headed for us, sir --

Trevelyan looks at the visual display screen -- which confirms the truth -- the satelite is already south of New York and is clearly headed down --

TREVELYAN
(angry)
Then shut it down -- and retarget --

TECHNICIAN
(bewildered)
-- the access codes have been altered --

As this is going on, Bond looks down at his watch -- the rythmic flashing of the signal light has grown more rapid --

IN THE SECOND LEVEL - THE DETONATOR

on the block of Semtex is flashing at the same quickened pace --

IN THE CONTROL ROOM - TREVELYAN

furiously turns around to face Bond and Marina -- Marina eyes him directly --

MARINA
You're welcome --

-- as --

IN THE SECOND LEVEL - THE DETONATOR'S FLASHING LIGHT

becomes constant -- the detonator **sparks** the Semtex --

-- and **detonates**, taking out the two nearest airplanes, creating a **chain reaction** of **explosions** in the hangar --

IN THE CONTROL ROOM

The effects of the blast are felt as the room rocks as if hit by an earthquake -- catching everyone unaware -- except Bond --

-- Bond slams the guard behind him off his feet -- as the one in front of him aims his gun, Bond stiff-arms his chin with enough force to break his neck -- the guard sprawls backward into one of the banking computer terminals --

-- Bond grabs Marina's hand and runs for the cage door -- as --

-- the first guard Bond knocked to the floor aims his machine gun at them and fires a burst --

-- Bond's **left arm is hit** but he and Marina make it behind some of the computer machinery -- so no more shots are fired -- and they escape through the cage door.

With the sound of another BLAST, there is panic in the room -- technicians start to shout and get up -- but Trevelyan maintains control --

TREVELYAN
(shouting)
Stay where you are --
(to head technician)
-- and undo whatever's she's done -- quickly --
(still sure of victory)
We have time.

IN THE RISING ELEVATOR - BOND AND MARINA

Grimacing in pain, Bond checks his arm -- the bullet's gone through. Not a mortal wound, but it's already been a tough morning. Bond turns to Marina -- and manages a smile --

BOND
(through pain)
Nicely done. Another intercept code?

MARINA
(nods)
With an encryption on it so they can't reaccess the satelite --
(worried)
James -- your arm --

BOND
(cuts her off)
Is there a chance they can break through that code and retarget the satelite?

MARINA
The Tempest will get here in five minutes --
(upset)
-- if they're fast enough -- they might.

OUTER VIEW OF ISLAND - A CLIFF WALL

near the hangar **explodes** with devastating seismic force -- rattling one of the support towers --

THE TRANSMITTER AND THE CATWALK

-- the support towers dangerously sway as if there were an earthquake -- some of the metalwork of the upper transmitter creaks and breaks -- and there's a whipsaw effect on the catwalk -- the catwalk's side guide lines snap as the bottom of it is thoroughly shaken --

-- a guard who was standing where the catwalk meets the transmitter is thrown to his death -- as he falls, he drops his machine gun on the transmitter's platform --

-- the guard falls five hundred feet into the dish -- his body shattering a segment of the dish and punching a hole in it --

AT THE HILLSIDE ENTRANCE - BOND AND MARINA

Marina helps a weakened Bond out of the entrance -- in front of them is the catwalk -- and the dangerously swinging transmitter. Bond looks ahead, determined, taking Marina's arm off him --

BOND
I have to make certain that Trevelyan can't transmit out.

MARINA
James -- when the Tempest fires, that whole platform will be electrified -- you can't --

BOND
(sharp)
There's no other way --

Bond stops -- and softens a bit. Resigned. He knows there's no way he can get back off that platform alive.

BOND
After it's over -- find the helicopter. Try to radio out for help.

With his good arm, Bond draws Marina into a passionate kiss -- clearly a goodbye kiss. Bond abruptly breaks it off -- Marina can only watch as he runs down the hill and

ONTO THE UNRAVELLING CATWALK

-- the guidelines on the side are useless, as they're severed and dangling in several spots -- the bottom planks are pitching up and down --

-- Bond weaves left and right to maintain his balance as he runs toward the transmitter -- as he looks ahead he sees --

BOND'S POV - SAVATIER

is ahead of him -- inside the girders of the triangular configuration of the transmitter, waiting for Bond, as unconcerned by his arrival as he is by the fact that the transmitter is swinging all over --

-- the transmitter, nonetheless, is doing its thing -- the half-moon segment of girders at the bottom is rotating around a circular track for better brodcasting position --

-- Bond's POV shifts up to the end of the catwalk above Savatier, where the loose gun slides on the edge of the swaying catwalk --

BOND

staggers faster across the pitching catwalk, to reach the platform's edge -- the gun slides along from side to side -- its stock catches on the edge --

-- and finally the gun clatters off the platform as --

VIEW DOWN - BOND

desperately dives for it, flattening out on the platform -- his arm stretches down for it, his fingers just brush it as it falls irretrievably into the dish --

-- and Savatier appears in the girders under him -- he reaches up, grabs Bond's arm and drags him down to hurl him against the girders --

BOND

painfully collides against one of the upper triangular girders, the wind knocked out of him --

-- and he falls onto the circular rotation track of the dish, dazed and unmoving, as the barrel-sized guide wheels advance, GRINDING toward him, with enough force and weight to crush him --

IN COMPUTER CONTROL ROOM - THE HEAD TECHNICIAN

is hacking his way through a maze of programming codelines -- Trevelyan watching over his shoulder --

TECHNICIAN
(sweating it)
Almost there --
(a few taps)
-- the blocking code's off --
(more tapping)
-- starting the cancellation coding sequence --

ON THE CIRCULAR RAILING - BOND

clears his head enough to roll out of the way of the advancing wheel -- and into the moving half-moon girders underneath --

SAVATIER

easily swings down after him -- obviously in better shape than Bond at the moment -- as --

IN THE HALF-MOON GIRDERS - BOND

gets his footing underneath the advancing wheel on the girders there -- and testing a loosened steel bar, YANKS it free -- and shoves it up between the steel wheel and the guide rail --

-- the machinery GRINDS loudly, trying to keep moving -- but it comes to a reluctant stop as the engines keep pushing --

LONG SHOT OF HALF MOON GIRDERS

as they stop their rotation under the trangular section -- we can Savatier is swinging down closer to Bond -- but

IN THE HALF-MOON GIRDERS - BOND

rapidly climbs down the girders to try to get to the fan antenna at the end -- the broadcast point -- Savatier is close behind --

CLOSE ON TEMPEST CONTROL COMPUTER SCREEN

The targeting and location numbers are rapidly intersecting -- lower text on the screen shows the words --

MISSION ABORT SIGNAL - TRANSMITTING

-- but this is followed on screen by a blinking --

SIGNAL INCOMPLETE

IN THE COMPUTER CONTROL ROOM - THE TECHNICIAN

is sweating -- things should be going his way now -- but --

TECHNICIAN
(really worried now)
There's some kind of interference --

TREVELYAN
(furious)
Enter it again --

AT THE EDGE OF THE HALF-MOON GIRDERS - CLOSE ON **BOND**

who is the source of interference -- bracing himself at the pointed edge of the half-moon girders, he kicks open a junction box, which starts sparking -- he kicks at it again --

-- but Savatier arrives -- and delivers a powerful, fly-swatting backhand that sends Bond reeling against the opposite girders -- as --

IN THE CIRCULAR RAILWAY ABOVE

-- both of the guide motors overheat and smoke, straining against the blockage --

IN THE HALF-MOON GIRDERS - BOND

is stunned -- but he's also had enough -- adrenalin kicks in as Savatier rushes him -- Bond grabs the girders above him and braces to powerfully kick Savatier in the chest, knocking him back against the opposite girders --

-- behind them, the junction box on the antenna sends up a jet of sparks -- it's shorting out --

IN OUTER SPACE - THE TEMPEST

satelite's gas jets cut off as it coasts to firing position -- its shape detonation cone fans out --

IN COMPUTER CONTROL CENTER - TREVELYAN

sees evidence everywhere that it's over -- numbers are ticking closer on the screen, the visual tracker shows it's right overhead --

TREVELYAN
(furious)
Shut it down! Now!

TECHNICIAN
(panicked)
-- it's impossible --

Trevelyan backs away from the console, bearing a striking resemblance to a captain on a rapidly sinking ship -- the technicians at the other consoles panic and abandon their terminals --

WITHIN THE HALF-MOON GIRDERS - SAVATIER

shakes off Bond's kick and decides it's time to finish the job -- he crosses back to Bond and pins him against a girder, his forearm pressing firmly against Bond's windpipe --

-- above them --

ON THE CIRCULAR RAILWAY

-- the engines, straining against the blocked guide wheel, win out -- the wheel moves past the blockage --

LONG SHOT OF HALF-MOON GIRDERS

as they whip around the circular track a lot faster than they're supposed to --

INSIDE THE HALF-MOON GIRDERS - SAVATIER AND BOND

are knocked away from the girder -- and are thrown about like dice in a cage -- Bond grabs hold of a side girder for support -- as --

ON THE CIRCULAR RAILWAY - THE BRAKES

that hold the half-moon locked in place give and -- there are four of them -- as the first one **snaps** --

LONG SHOT OF HALF-MOON GIRDERS

as the whole thing starts to **slide off their rollers -- the entire thing is coming loose from the circular railway** -- as the second set of brakes **snaps** --

INSIDE THE HALF-MOON GIRDERS - BOND

keeps hold of the girder as the whole configuration accelerates its slide down and off the track -- we hear the sound of the third set of brakes **snap** -- as it picks up speed it runs through the fourth and final set of brakes --

THE HALF-MOON GIRDERS COMPLETELY CLEAR THE TRACK

and are **falling into the dish**, their speed taking them under and parallel to the catwalk --

INSIDE THE FALLING GIRDERS - BOND

moves closer to the point -- and as the girders sail past a severed guide line dangling from the catwalk --

-- Bond leaps off the girders and toward the line -- he grabs it, swinging to the side, holding on with one hand and lashing the rope around his forearm with the other -- as --

CLOSE ON TEMPEST CONTROL COMPUTER SCREEN

as the targeting and location numbers **lock into place** --

IN OUTER SPACE - THE TEMPEST

stabilizes -- aims the cone down -- and **detonates** -- as --

OVER THE DISH - BOND

helplessly dangles on the catwalk's line --

-- under him, the half-moon is still falling, diving like a downed plane --

WIDE VIEW OF DISH - AS **THE TEMPEST'S DETONATION**

sets the sky on fire with a deafening BLAST -- and the electromagnetic surge flashes toward the island and into the dish --

-- electrifying every exposed metal surface -- lightning cracks everywhere in what's left of the transmitter skeleton -- an electrical blue surge shoots down around the metal dish --

BOND

is still swinging from the rope, **surrounded** by lightning strikes -- as --

THE FALLING HALF-MOON GIRDERS

are totally electrified -- Savatier is **electrocuted** inside the girders as they **finally CRASH through the dish -- and beyond** --

INTO THE CONTROL CENTER

-- as the three hundred ton mesh of steel rips through the concrete, caving in the roof, the Faraday cage, and the computer center itself -- hitting the Tempest control computer **dead center** --

-- **the Tempest's lightning surges through the room**, killing technicians, blowing up equipment --

ON THE BANKING MONITORS

Over a hundred screens crowded with six hundred billion dollars worth of electronic cash on it **explode** --

UP ABOVE THE DISH - **BOND**

dangles from the still-swinging line -- the worst of the surge is already over -- there is random electrical crackling in the transmitter and the dish itself -- but Bond's problems are not over --

THE REST OF THE TRANSMITTER

has been further weakened by all this -- loud CREAKING and SNAPPING of lines and girders signal an imminent fall --

ON WHAT'S LEFT OF THE CATWALK - THE LINE

Bond is holding onto comes loose -- it starts to snap its moorings one tie at a time -- retreating back along the catwalk --

LONG SHOT OF BOND DANGLING

-- Bond can do nothing but hang on as the line gives, dropping him in rapid ten foot increments down and back to the dish's edge --

ON THE CATWALK - THE LINE

is tearing loose toward a point where it's severed again -- in other words, Bond is about to start freefall --

-- the line tears loose --

WIDE SHOT ON BOND **FALLING**

near the edge of the dish, at least thirty feet down, the useless line trailing above him -- until --

-- Bond slams into a panel twenty feet down from the dish's edge, and starts sliding down the panels toward the center, out of control --

-- Bond grabs onto the mesh of a dish panel, braking himself just over an **explosion** that bursts out of the ground and through the dish, shattering panels and hurling them into the air -- as this goes on below Bond, above him --

THE TRANSMITTER PLATFORM

is ready to go -- support lines from the towers snap --

IN THE DISH - BOND

is in the shadow of the transmitter platform as he runs up the dish's slope, which grows steeper as he gets closer to the edge --

AT THE DISH'S EDGE - MARINA

sees Bond -- she runs along the top of a barrier at the dish's edge to get to his position, grabbing a downed line from the transmitter -- as --

LONG SHOT - THE TRANSMITTER PLATFORM

finally **falls** -- as does the nearest crumbling support tower -- with the wreckage of the catwalk streaming after it, three hundred tons of steel **impacts against the far end of the dish**, punching a fifty foot hole into the dish and through the exploding levels of the compound --

VIEW DOWN ON BOND

-- who is clinging to a panel thirty feet above the new hole, hanging on desperately against the shockwave, which is sending other panels flying loose to tumble into the new hole --

-- Bond looks up as a line lands alongside him --

BOND'S POV - MARINA

has thrown it down from the barrier's edge, trying to secure it -- but as she does --

Trevelyan hoves into view behind her -- looking disheveled from his escape from the lower levels -- but more than that, he looks enraged -- he forcefully grabs Marina by her arm -- and intensely locks eyes with Bond as he holds her over the edge --

TREVELYAN
Tell me, James -- do you ever tire of watching the women you love die?

Trevelyan **hurls her over the edge of the dish** --

INSIDE THE DISH - MARINA PLUMMETS

past Bond, just beyond his outstretched arm, before she hits the aluminum panels and tumbles, rolling down the dish's slope, **toward the jagged edges of the hole** and **beyond** --

VIEW OVER THE HOLE - **MARINA**

falls into the hole and is ensnared in a tangle of the catwalk's shredded lines, a very uncertain net over the surging flames and the two hundred foot drop below her -- the catwalk is snagged on two ends -- Marina's weight pulls one of the ends free, **swinging her down** toward the flames --

BOND

furious, takes the line thrown down by Marina and fiercely yanks it down --

-- the line tangles around Trevelyan's ankle -- pulling him off balance and rolling him into the sloping dish --

ON DISH - TREVELYAN AND BOND

-- Trevelyan rolls toward Bond and collides with him -- both men **roll down out of control** to the **last intact panels at the jagged edge of the hole** --

-- Trevelyan lands on his side, and brakes himself -- stunned, but not too badly -- Bond, on the other hand, lands awkwardly and painfully on a metal protrusion, with a jolt against his bullet wound -- an advantage Trevelyan presses --

-- Trevelyan braces himself on the panel and moves closer to sadistically kick Bond in the face -- we can see that

THE PANELS

they're fighting on are loose and can give at any time -- as --

DANGLING IN THE HOLE - MARINA STRUGGLES IN THE CATWALK

like a fly in a web -- she starts to move up, but a new **explosion** surges flames toward her and shoots debris around her -- the bottom line of the catwalk ignites and starts to burn up --

BOND AND TREVELYAN - ON THE PANELS

Bond stabilizes and punches Trevelyan back against a panel -- Bond's effort and Trevelyan's impact both loosen the panels further --

-- bloodied, Trevelyan steadies against the panel -- and draws out his pistol to fire at Bond --

-- but Bond throws everything he's got left into a final, powerful kick at the corner of the panel Trevelyan's on --

-- the last bit of metal holding it onto the dish bursts --

TREVELYAN'S PANEL

tears loose and plunges off the edge, into the hole and the flames -- as he starts a two hundred foot fall --

BOND

looks down, clinging to his panel -- which is close to going as well --

BOND'S POV - **TREVELYAN FALLING INTO THE HOLE**

-- he's just one more bit of debris as a new, huge **explosion** FLARES up an annihilating fireball that consumes him one hundred feet down --

ON THE EDGE OF THE HOLE - BOND

climbs up to a slightly more secure panel -- and looks to

MARINA - ON THE CATWALK SHREDS

-- she's climbing up -- but her swinging is loosening the few strands supporting her as the catwalk burns underneath her --

BOND

runs across the panels -- jumping gaps and evading panels that are collapsing, just in time to throw himself at the edge of the hole --

-- Bond flattens on the edge of the panel and extends his good arm -- the wrecked panel is being tested not just by his weight, but Marina's and that of the segment of catwalk --

-- Marina gets far enough up the strands to grab Bond's hand as --

THE CATWALK'S SUPPORTING STRANDS

tear off and fall away underneath her --

-- the entire catwalk spirals into the fiery abyss --

-- but Bond maintains his grip on Marina -- she grabs hold of the jagged panel with another hand, and climbs up onto the shaky panel with Bond --

WIDE ON DISH - BOND AND MARINA

move up the dish as quickly as possible as the explosions intensify, BLASTING through the hole --

-- they get to the edge -- and climb over the barrier --

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DISH EDGE BARRIER

-- Bond helps Marina over -- as the sounds of blasts rumble through the dish and under them --

-- Marina looks like she's in shock -- but Bond knows there's no time to waste, and pulls Marina toward a gap in the hillside --

BOND
(shouting)
Come on -- this way --

As they run through the gap --

IN THE ARMORY SUBLEVEL - EXPLOSIVE CRATES

are starting to go -- one segment detonates, as above --

IN THE ROCK CLEARING - WIDE SHOT

-- we see that this is perched exactly over the armory -- blasts rip through the ground, making this look like a minefield under siege -- at the far end of it is the helicopter, which is momentarily intact --

-- entering at the other end, are --

BOND AND MARINA

-- Bond leads Marina through a very dangerous hundred yard dash, zig-zagging through the new explosions ripping through the earth and the fire and chasms left by the older ones --

-- finally they reach the helicopter and get in --

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER - BOND

allows himself a look of relief -- a premature one -- as he pushes a start button -- nothing happens -- he jabs it again --

BOND
Congratulations -- you've downed your first American aircraft --
(tense)
-- the pulse has knocked out the electronics.

MARINA
But this has hardened circuitry --

BOND
Not hard enough, apparently --
(sees switch)
-- there's an auxilliary --

Bond hits that switch -- and there is a wonderful sound of electronics humming to life -- but Bond looks down --

THE CONSOLE -THE SYSTEMS MONITOR

has come to life -- with one word -- a blinking --

WAIT

IN THE ARMORY SUBLEVEL - THE EXPLOSIVES

are not going to wait -- crates of explosive are going off sequentially down a row --

WIDE SHOT ON CLEARING - THE EXPLOSIONS

are tracking in a straight, unmistakable path toward the helicopter --

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER - BOND

is trying not to look at them -- his attention is focused on

THE SYSTEMS MONITOR

which reads: **SYSTEM REBOOTING**

with a bar graph: **37% COMPLETED**

MARINA

looks out her window -- which isn't reassuring either --

A CHASM

is forming in the rock due to collapsing rock -- that too is fast advancing toward the ground the helicopter is perched on --

BOND

is sweating it -- his eyes are locked on the monitor screen, his finger frozen on the start button -- until --

-- a BEEP and the bargraph announce that the system is rebooted --

-- Bond instantaneously pushes the start button --

-- and the rotors WHINE to life -- slowly picking up speed --

ON THE HELICOPTER - AS THE GROUND OPENS UP UNDER IT

-- the rotors create enough lift for the copter to rise up slowly instead of fall down fast --

-- Bond throttles the copter out and up, through the smoke and flames, outracing the advancing explosions -- as --

LONG SHOT OF ISLAND

Everything left over in the armory goes up in a massive **fireball** -- as Bond's helicopter flies out toward the other islands -- and safety -- we --

CUT TO:

INT. NATO COMMAND/CONTROL CENTER - DAY

In the monitoring center, there's a bustle of activity as the tracking screen shows that Tempest has been fired -- Orbach rushes up to M and Q with the details --

ORBACH
Well, if it had to go off, we couldn't have picked a better place --
(checks paper)
-- sixty-nine longitude, seventeen latitude -- right over the far end of the Caribbean.

M
My God -- that's where 007's gone --

Q
(equally worried)
If the Tempest was fired there, there's no electricity -- no telephones -- no communications of any kind --
(this sounds awful to Q)
-- heaven only knows what survival conditions he's being forced to deal with.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARIBBEAN HILLSIDE - PRIVATE BUNGALOW - NIGHT

We MOVE in over a striking view of the hills and ocean from the back deck, flickering candlelight the only illumination -- past trays of fruit and lobster on one table, and a cocktail shaker dewed with condensation on another --

BOND (O.S.)
Now this is intolerable --

Finally we reach

BOND AND MARINA - RECLINED IN A HAMMOCK

bandaged and rested, in casual island clothes, the candle burning on the rail behind them. Bond's dismayed look is for his martini glass --

BOND
I told the barman -- shaken, not stirred.

MARINA
(laughing at him)
What is the difference?

BOND
Bruised vermouth --
(smiles)
I know you're Russian -- but don't you appreciate the finer things in life?

MARINA
No, James --

Marina takes Bond's martini hand and guides it toward the rail -- pulling him closer to her --

MARINA
(smiles)
-- I just appreciate a smooth ride.

Bond returns the smile -- he moves over her and into a kiss, extinguishing the candle with the martini glass as he puts it on the rail -- off the darkness we retreat to a --

LONG SHOT OF THE ISLAND

END CREDITS

JAMES BOND WILL RETURN